JANUARY 8, 1990

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TIME

WHEN TYRANTS FALL

RUMANIA
A Firing Squad For Ceausescu

PANAMA
End of the Line For Noriega?

Bucharest December 1989

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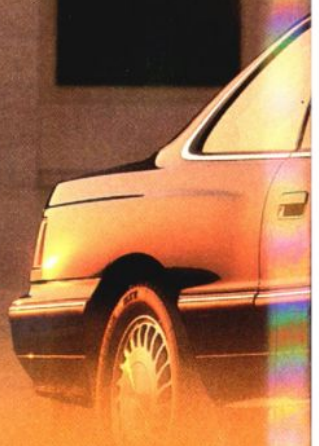

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Vol. 135, No. 2

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

LUC DELAHAYE—SIPA

STEPHEN FERRY—GAMMA LIAISON

COVER: In Rumania, an unfinished revolution. In Panama, a diplomatic standoff

American troops and Rumanian tanks share a mission to depose two brutal dictators, but both leave behind the painful task of rebuilding a nation from the wreckage. ▶ Nicolae Ceausescu and his wife Elena are summarily executed, and a self-appointed National Salvation Front takes charge of the country. But the shape of the new order is far from clear. ▶ In Timisoara, cradle of the revolution, people ricochet between agony and elation, fear and hope. ▶ Panama's strongman has fallen, but Manuel Noriega takes refuge in the papal embassy, sending Washington and the Vatican into diplomatic deadlock. ▶ As a military operation, the U.S. invasion gets a glowing assessment from the brass and the experts.

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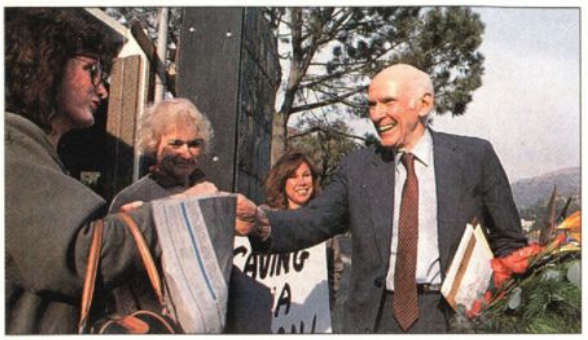
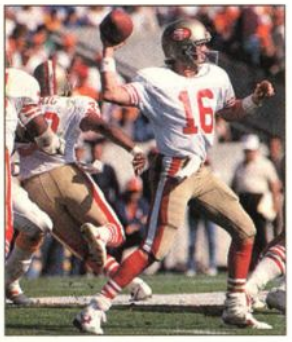


NATION: Seven Senators face a tough grilling

Seamy deals have contributed to a New Year's backlog of congressional ethics investigations. ▸ The medfly is bugging Californians again.

48



SPORT: The team of the decade

They have a rookie coach, a modest running game and an injury-plagued squad. So how come the 49ers are favored to win the first back-to-back Super Bowls since 1979? Ask Joe Montana.

54

LAW: How private are your cordless phone calls?

A Dixon, Iowa, man asks the U.S. Supreme Court to hear his eavesdropping case and extend to cordless units the same legal safeguards protecting standard-wire phones.

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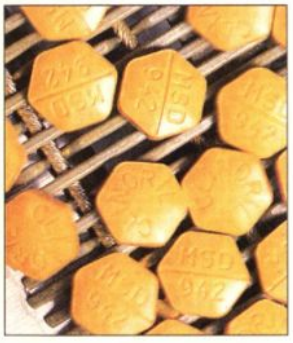

BUSINESS: Drug prices cause a rash of discomfort

Demands for lower-cost medications put pressure on the pharmaceutical industry. ▸ The cold snap causes crop losses and heating-oil price hikes.

56

PROFILE: Czech man of conscience Vaclav Havel

A reviled patrician, suppressed playwright and jailed dissident, the symbol of his nation's revolution takes over as Czechoslovakia's President.

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ART: A 19th century showman's masterpieces

At Washington's National Gallery, the first full-dress exhibition in 25 years of Frederic Edwin Church's huge landscapes offers nature as sublime spectacle.

66

CINEMA: A holiday Holocaust from Hollywood

Three new movies consider the Nazi extermination of European Jewry. Their ambitions are honorable, but can they escape the taint of "holokitsch"?

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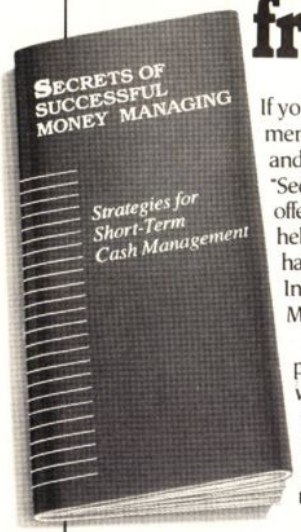

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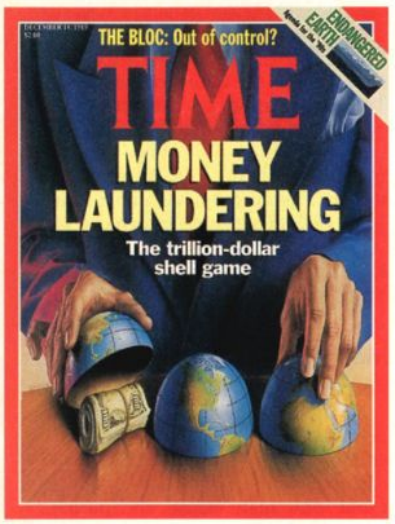
Letters

MONEY LAUNDERING

"We must stop drug money from entering the international banking system abroad."

Earl Hadlow, Washington



Your report on drug smugglers converting cocaine-tinged money into clean assets shows that our Government's oversupply of U.S. currency is a prime cause of the growth of the cocaine trade [BUSINESS, Dec. 18]. You explain that 80% of all the bills printed by the Treasury can't be located because so many of them are hidden away by the dealers. As an assistant prosecutor at the county level, I am disheartened by the inaction on a matter as feasible as denying the drug kingpins their medium of exchange, currency. One simple way to catch them would be a surprise big-cash recall. Let's demonetize the drug trade.

George E. Ward
Detroit

What if we printed new $100 bills using red ink and required the old green $100 bills to be exchanged for the new ones within a few months? Anyone turning in more than $1,000 would have to explain the source of the cash. In addition, we could tax the underground economy.

Steven A. Stepanian II
Pittsburgh

I believe you presented a misleading picture of the attitudes of the banking industry and the Government toward this problem. U.S. banks have a strong record of support for and compliance with federal money-laundering laws. Our industry's efforts have largely brought to a halt the introduction of unreported cash into the American banking system. The trouble is that the U.S. banking system alone cannot prevent the wire transfer of a vast quantity of money, deposited offshore, that is returned to the U.S. in the form of seemingly legitimate transactions. We must stop drug money from entering the international banking system abroad. Our Government has to persuade foreign countries to take the same stringent measures employed by U.S. banks to close the loophole.

Earl Hadlow, Chairman
Money Laundering Task Force
American Bankers Association
Washington

Communism Unravels

The real peace in Europe comes from the successful suppression of nationalism by the West Europeans in their economic union [WORLD, Dec. 18]. The European Community has been a club of equals, rising from the ashes of destruction in World War II to seek a future of prosperity and cooperation above national interest. A unified Germany could dominate the E.C., to its detriment. The call for reunification is nationalism in the '90s.

Adrian L. Weisberg
Yehud, Israel

The whole world is thinking that mankind is not ready for a unified Germany. A Germany cut in half is quite enough to contend with at the present. Only time will tell if the Germans can handle being a superpower once again while their European neighbors tremble to see who gets stomped next by them.

Robert Falcon
Houston

The Fur Flies

In the furor over whether it is proper to wear fur, I side with the animal-rights activists [LIVING, Dec. 18]. When a woman chooses a fur coat, she makes a simple decision for evil. Animals are sensitive beings, with conscious lives of their own; they suffer physical and psychological trauma for the production of fun furs.

Carol Ames
New York City

I'm confused . . . Why all the concern about animal furs! Isn't animal skin also the issue? What about wearing leather shoes, carrying leather wallets and purses, sporting leather coats?

Dianne Reid-Vire
Nashville

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Preserving the Planet

Our interdependence with the rest of life on earth is not a mystical concept; it is a physical reality [ENVIRONMENT, Dec. 18]. The importance of the planet's health hits home when we realize that there is no clear boundary defining the edges of an individual's life and the environment that sustains that life. We breathe oxygen produced by trees on the other side of the globe, drink water that may have evaporated from the Indian Ocean and eat food grown as far away as Chile and Australia. All this is activated by the sun from a distance of 93 million miles. When, with pollutants and toxic waste, we poison the natural systems that allow us to live, we engage in the worst kind of self-abuse.

Anthony Lawlor
Fairfield, Iowa

Correction

In an item on the efforts of the National Rifle Association to exempt service members from a federal ban on imported semiautomatic rifles [NATION, Aug. 28], we suggested that the N.R.A. wanted to permit the importation of submachine guns as well. That was incorrect. The N.R.A. request applied only to semiautomatic weapons, not to fully automatic firearms such as submachine guns.

Leaving the Law

Reading about the 40,000 attorneys who give up the practice of law every year made me wonder how many defect because of a crisis of conscience [LAW, Dec. 11]. People who become lawyers often start out with high ideals, and perhaps some of those leaving prefer not to encourage the tendency in our society to hire a lawyer for every little thing, thereby raising costs for us all.

Lilly E. Hirsch
Mahwah, N.J.

While many attorneys may be changing careers, it should also be noted that a number of people are entering the law profession from other walks of life. Even with a Ph.D. in European history, I am happy to have switched to law from my occupation in academia. After the first year of law school and a summer of clerking, I discovered that I loved the field of law, was employable and had made more money as a summer intern than I had ever earned before in my life.

David B. Young
Kansas City

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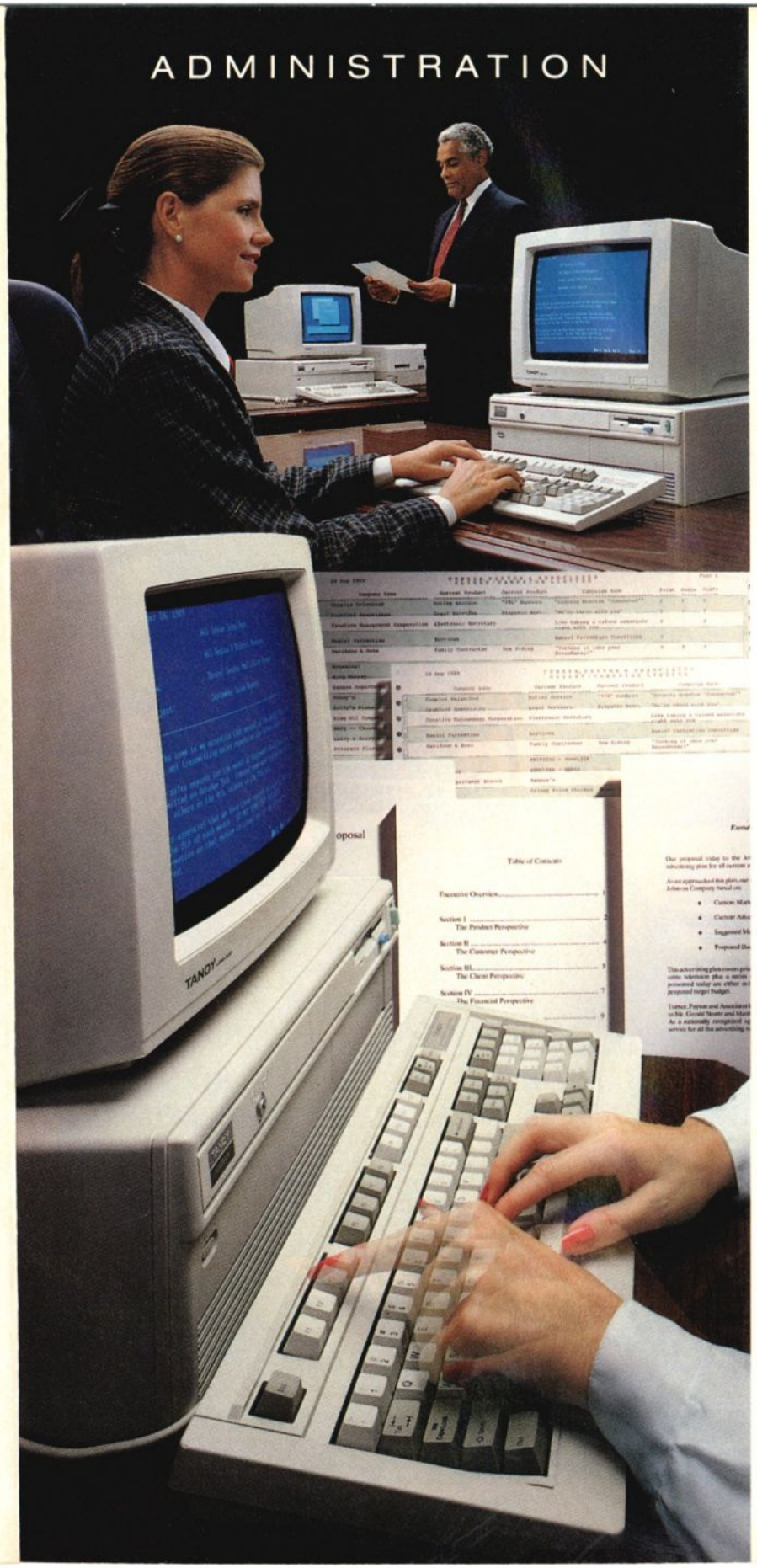

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CRITICS' VOICES

MUSIC

FRANK MORGAN: MOOD INDIGO (Antilles). Once touted as Charlie Parker's heir apparent, alto saxman Frank Morgan seemingly blew it all on a life of hard drugs, thievery and frequent jail terms. Released from prison in 1985, Morgan, now 56, launched a storybook comeback—of which this outstanding album is the latest chapter. Ably joined on two tracks by trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, Morgan's soulful, driving sax proves that for a battle-scarred jazz veteran, playing well is the best revenge.

NEIL YOUNG: FREEDOM (Reprise). Typical sore-throat vocalizing but unusually acute songwriting from a still ornery spirit. Along with a timely *Rockin' in the Free World,* two tunes with Linda Ronstadt singing harmony show that he's kept going these 20 years on heart as well as spunk.

BILLY JOEL: STORM FRONT (Columbia). A monster hit album, with Joel's crazily catchy buzz-word history of the past 40 years, *We Didn't Start the Fire,* plus nine other effortlessly obnoxious ditties that take on such subjects as *glasnost* and the plight of Long Island fishermen. The musical equivalent of a sociology lecture by Ralph Kramden.

MOVIES

BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY. Tom Cruise comes of age an an actor in this impassioned panorama of life, death and rebirth in the Viet Nam years. If director Oliver Stone is almost breathless on the subject, he also packs enough power and craft to make Viet Nam fester on screen—one more time.

ROGER & ME. In this impish documentary about auto layoffs in Flint, Mich., filmmaker Michael Moore comes across as a Garrison Keillor with a movie camera. And a mission: to beard General Motors Chairman Roger Smith. The picture is sharp and funny. But did Moore have to make his adversaries look so stupid so he could look smart?

THEATER

JUAN DARIEN. A puppet musical? For adults? Unimaginable, perhaps—but also spellbinding, in this richly mythic off-Broadway delight.

ROMANCE IN HARD TIMES. The libretto of this off-Broadway musical about the Depression is odd, but the score is one of the most memorable in years.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: CLASSIC (Bear Family; import only). Enough Elvis. Jerry Lee's the once and future king of good ole godless rock 'n' roll. Here's heavy proof: an eight-CD box set of vintage Killer material, all recorded for Memphis' glorious Sun label between 1956 and 1963. In the set are 246 tunes, 30 performances issued for the first time, each and every one a blisterer, including even *The Marines' Hymn* and *Dixie,* for Lord's sake. Jerry Lee classics are included too, of course, sounding as full of brimstone as ever. While Elvis became the perpetrator and victim of his own melodrama, Jerry Lee pumped away at his piano, howling at the devil and pining for glory. Whatever ultimate judgment awaits him at the gates, Jerry Lee's got that glory already, and a good bit of it right here in this box. (At Down Home Music, El Cerrito, Calif.)

JEEVES TAKES CHARGE. Edward Duke impersonates P.G. Wodehouse's magisterial butler, his dimwit employer Bertie Wooster and even a terrifying aunt or two in this one-man triumph in Cambridge, Mass.

TELEVISION

AFTER THE WAR (PBS, debuting Jan. 7, 9 p.m. on most stations). Two boys—one the son of a well-to-do lawyer, the other a German refugee—meet in boarding school during World War II, then cope with postwar disillusionment in an eight-part *Masterpiece Theatre* drama written by Frederic Raphael *(The Glittering Prizes).*

DRUG WARS: THE CAMARENA STORY (NBC, Jan. 7, 8, 9, 9 p.m. EST). Executive producer Michael Mann *(Miami Vice, Crime Story)* brings some zip to this docudrama about U.S. drug agent Kiki Camarena (Steven Bauer), who was kidnaped and killed in Mexico.

POISON IN THE ROCKIES (PBS, Jan. 9, 8 p.m. on most stations). The clear streams of the Colorado Rockies have long been a nature lover's delight. But this probing *Nova* documentary shows how badly they have been contaminated by toxic debris from thousands of mines, the construction of ski resorts and acid rain.

BOOKS

GOODNIGHT! by Abram Tertz [Andrei Sinyavsky] (Viking; $22.95). Under the pseudonym he once used to smuggle his writings to the West—which landed him in a Soviet labor camp—this Paris-based Soviet émigré offers a rich, autobiographical story of crime, punishment, betrayal and resurrection.

SOME FREAKS by David Mamet (Viking; $16.95). The playwright *(Glengarry Glen Ross, Speed-the-Plow)* turns essayist and brings off some witty, iconoclastic reviews of contemporary U.S. culture and politics.

EXHIBITIONS

THE OPULENT ERA, Brooklyn Museum. In the second half of the 19th century, wealthy women, many of them American, flocked to Paris couturiers to buy the fantastic creations of a now vanished world of craftsmanship. This excellent show, focusing on Worth, Pingat and Doucet, glories in clothes that were meant to be savored over an evening rather than snapped by paparazzi. Through Feb. 26.

Compiled by Andrea Sachs

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Let's get it together...buckle up.

From the Publisher

James Wilde's presence in revolutionary Rumania last week surprised none of us: after all, the foreign correspondent is hardly a stranger to bloodshed and chaos. In 30 years with TIME, Wilde has reported on wars from Viet Nam, Africa and the Middle East. During the war in Biafra in the late 1960s, when the eastern part of Nigeria tried to secede, Wilde not only came under frequent ground fire but was strafed by Nigerian jet fighters as well.

One of his most terrifying moments, though, came not in some far-off jungle but in New York City in 1981 when he was interviewing a 14-year-old mugger known as "Baby Love." "When I held out my hand to say goodbye, the kid drew a Magnum on me," Wilde recalls. "I told him if he killed me, he wouldn't get into TIME." "Right on, Mr. James, right on," said Baby Love and put the gun away.

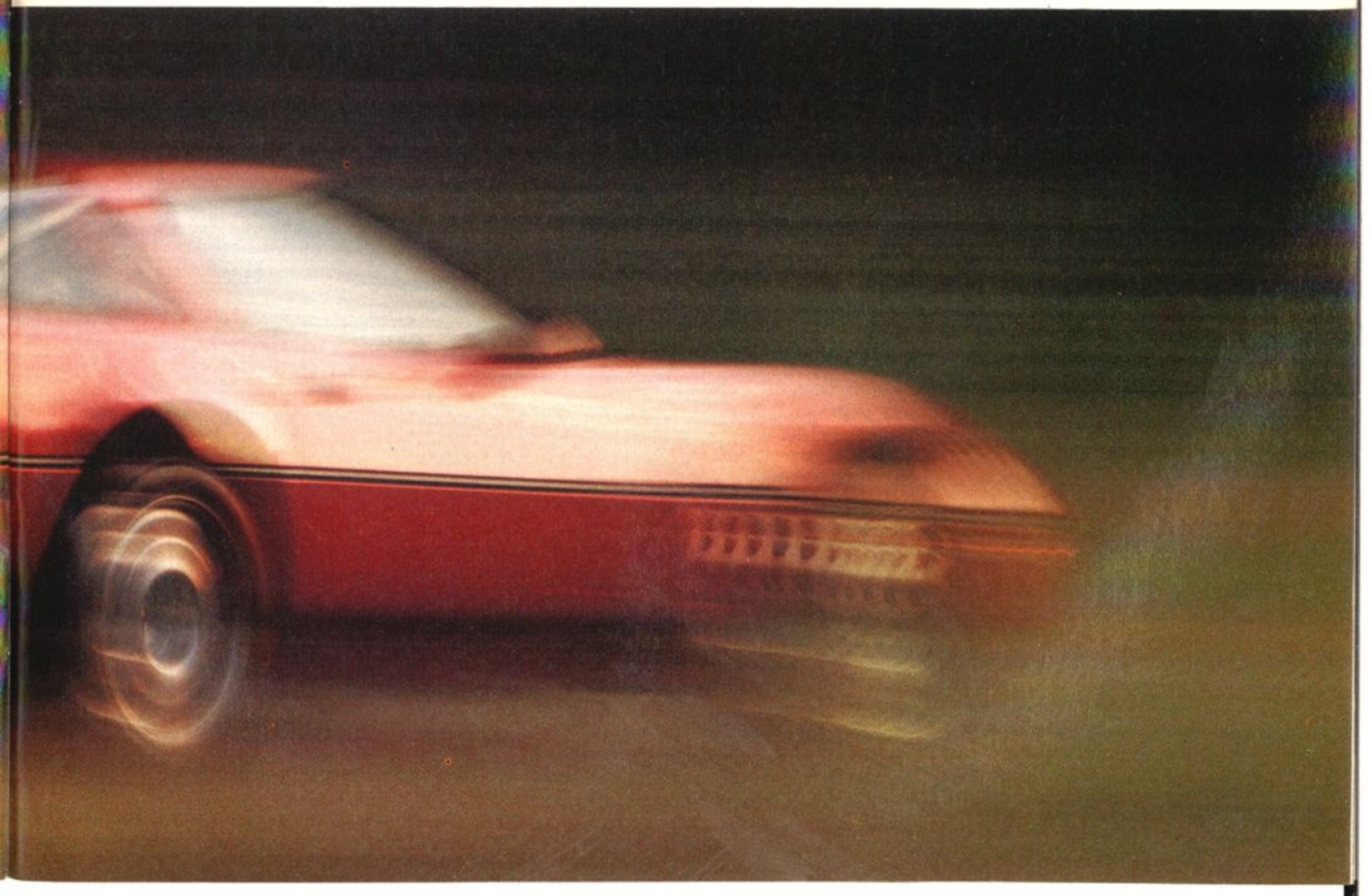
Born in Ottawa, Wilde began his career with TIME in 1959 in Indochina. He has since roved from Saigon and Paris to Nairobi and San Francisco, and is currently a senior correspondent based in Rome. One of Wilde's most memorable stories was a 1983 cover on the death penalty. He wrote so gripping an account of what it felt like to sit in an electric chair that the first paragraph of his story was printed on the cover itself. Occasionally, his travels around the world have proved to be somewhat disorienting: when he was covering a kidnaping in California in 1976, a rental agency refused to provide a car for him since he was carrying only a driver's license from Zaïre.

FILIP HORVAT—SABA

Senior correspondent Wilde in Bucharest

"I told him if he killed me, he wouldn't get into TIME."

Over the years—maybe because he has led so charmed a life—Wilde has developed a deep interest in religion and has garnered a museum-quality collection of Buddhas and crucifixes. Wilde, says assistant managing editor Richard Duncan, is a "very spiritual man." Duncan recalls that when the correspondent left for an assignment in Africa some years ago, he expressed his special feelings for the continent. "What I love about Africa," Wilde said, "is that God is in the air over there."



COVER STORIES

When Tyrants Fall

BY OTTO FRIEDRICH

The images that linger are those of naked bodies lying in rows on the ground, many with their ankles tied together with barbed wire. One is a boy of about three, too young to be a freedom fighter, too young to be a rebel, too young to be lying naked in the snow; another is a seven-month fetus on the torso of its disemboweled mother. But it was not just a slaughter of the innocents in Rumania last week. A few days later came another unforgettable image: the fallen dictator Nicolae Ceausescu, executed by a firing squad, a pool of blood by his head.

Until now, it seemed almost miraculous how peacefully the process of change was transforming the world. Except in China, where troops mowed down students demonstrating for democracy in Tiananmen Square last spring, nation after nation saw crowds peacefully marching in the streets, and governments peacefully, if grudgingly, giving way. We want freedom!, the crowds chanted in Warsaw, Budapest, East Berlin, Sofia, Prague. One by one, the rejected leaders of the former Soviet satellites, abandoned by Moscow, promised free elections—and more or less faded into oblivion. The Berlin Wall came tumbling down; the cold war ended. And only last week history was further rewritten when Czechoslovakia's onetime reformer Alexander Dubcek, whose effort to achieve "socialism with a human face" was smashed by Soviet tanks in 1968, re-emerged from oblivion to head the National Parliament; shortly thereafter, frequently imprisoned playwright Vaclav Havel was elected President. It was as though the age-old rules of political conflict had been suspended, and the wolf would dwell with the lamb, the leopard would lie down with the kid. Until the Christmas season in Rumania—with thousands dead, the worst bloodshed in Europe since the Hungarian uprising of 1956.

By a rather unpleasant irony, the U.S. was involved in bloodshed as well. Unpleasantly ironic because while the Soviets stood by and did nothing in Rumania, the U.S. was violating its pledge under the charter of the Organization of American States not to invade a neighbor. In most ways, of course, the downfall of Panama's General Manuel Noriega had little in common with Ceausescu's overthrow. The Rumanian was driven out by his own people, the Panamanian by an outside army. The Rumanian ran and was caught; the Panamanian found sanctuary in the Vatican nunciature in Panama City and may yet escape punishment. What the two episodes had in common was the simple fact that they rid the world of two dictators.

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—BLACK STAR

As tyrants go, Ceausescu was surely crueler, more methodical and more blood-soaked than Noriega, who often came off as a tinpot dictator. Yet the similarities were striking. Like many of their kind, both described themselves as reformers, Ceausescu as a leader independent of Moscow, Noriega as a Panamanian nationalist. The U.S. was not above using both when they served its special purposes. Richard Nixon welcomed Ceausescu's help in negotiating the first opening to China; under Ronald Reagan, the CIA sought Noriega's assistance in aiding Nicaragua's *contras.* But in Ceausescu's 24 years of iron rule and Noriega's six, both eventually proved once again Lord Acton's thesis that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

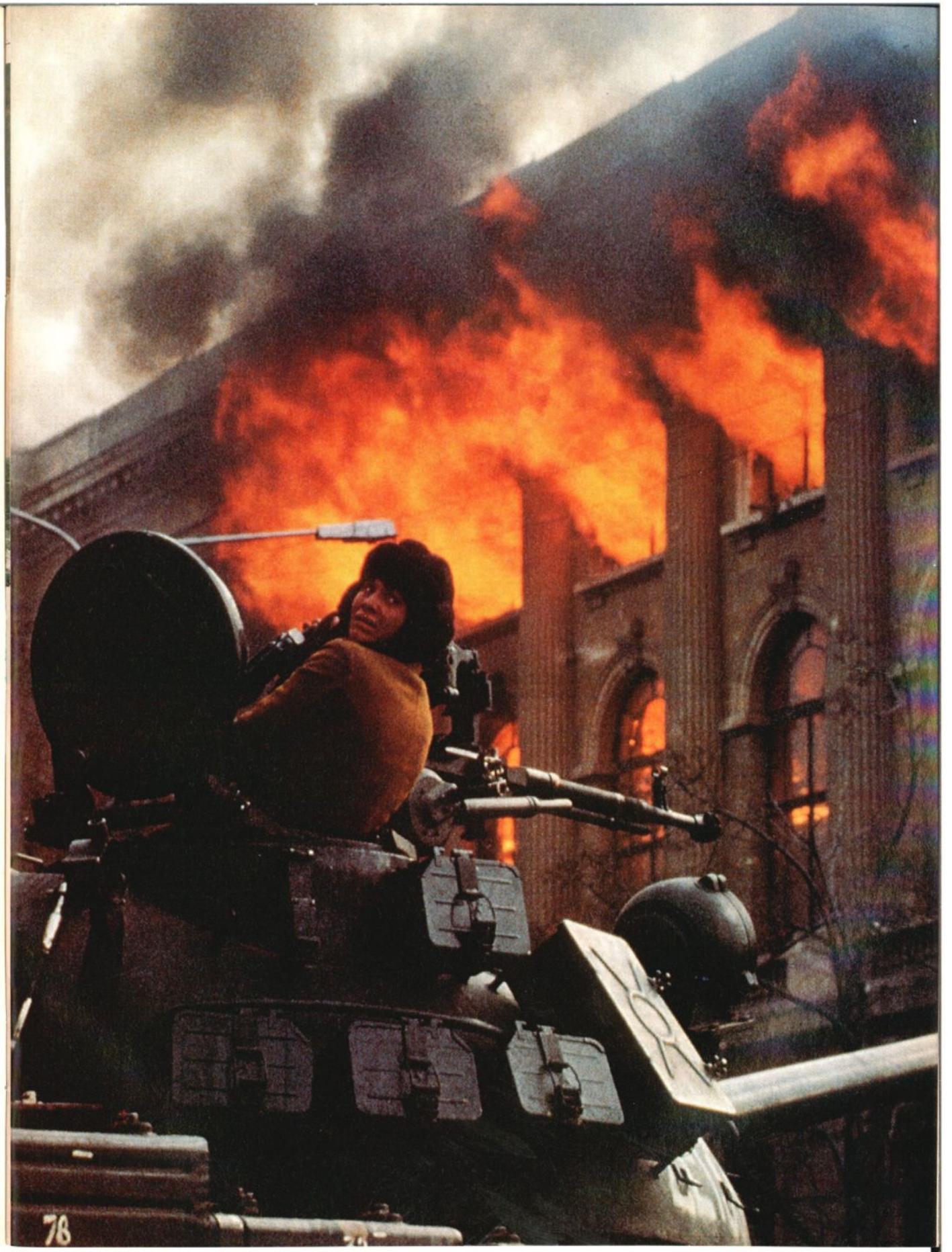
Both became drunk with vanity. Ceausescu styled himself the "Genius of the Carpathians," put his face on posters all over Rumania and had 30 volumes of his speeches published. One of Noriega's last political acts was to have himself named Maximum Leader. Both pursued quirky impulses. Ceausescu made his wife Elena his deputy, and she not only draped herself in furs and jewelry but also used the police to spy on her grown daughter's love life. According to U.S. Army investigators, Noriega practiced Santeria, a mystic religion, and wore red underwear to fend off the evil eye.

Both have been accused of stealing hundreds of millions of dollars and hiding their fortunes abroad while reducing their poverty-stricken peoples to even worse states of poverty. Both created secret police forces to do their bidding, and both suppressed opponents without mercy. Both seemed to acquire the final illusion of the corrupted dictator, the megalomaniacal fantasy that he owns his country as a private possession, and that his people admire his strength. *Sic semper tyrannis.*

Despite protests against the invasion of Panama and legal questions about U.S. justification, it is difficult to credit the Noriega regime with real legitimacy. Aside from the general's alleged crimes, ranging from drug dealing to murder, he simply canceled last spring's election after it had gone against him, ruling thereafter by force. There was international criticism too of the secret trial and hasty execution of Ceausescu. But in both cases, the legalities were overwhelmed by a kind of political necessity—and both countries should be the better for it in the new year. If, that is, they prove equal to the long and painful task of rebuilding the wreckage the two dictators left behind. ■

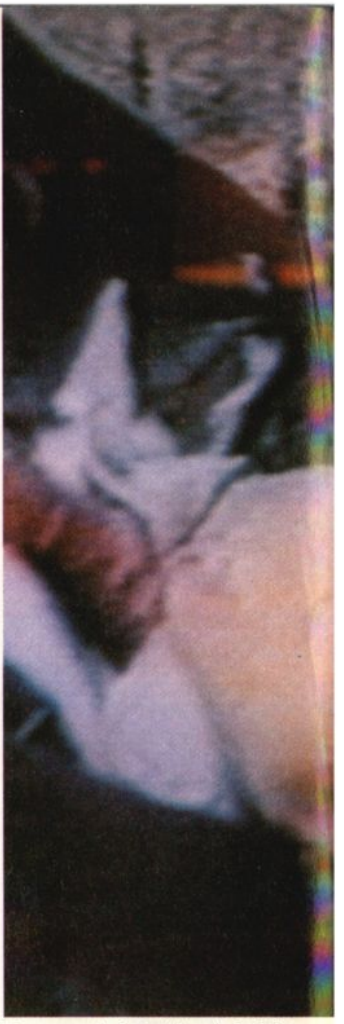
As 1989 ends, peaceful change gives way to violence: in Panama, the U.S. topples a dictator; in Rumania, the people depose another

LUC DELAHAYE—SIPA



GILLES SAUSSIER—GAMMA LIAISON

The army under fire in Timisoara: poorly equipped and untrained, it seemed a relic of World War II



The executed dictator: television

● RUMANIA

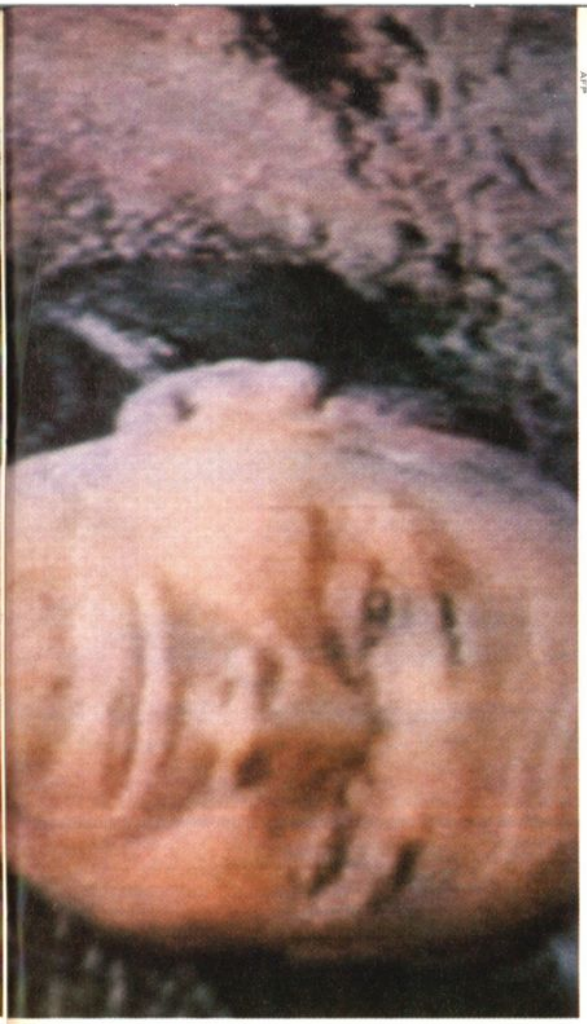
Unfinished Revolution

Ceausescu is dead, but the country is entering a perilous new phase. Can the interim government win popular loyalty? Will the army take over? Does democracy stand a chance?

BY BRUCE W. NELAN

Over and over, as if to exorcise the evil of Nicolae Ceausescu's ironfisted 24-year reign, national television last week replayed the taped record of his final ignominious hours. Haggard, wrapped in a fur-lined overcoat, his hair in tangles, he sat with his wife Elena behind two folding tables pushed together to form a makeshift dock.

He had been so confident of his power: only a week earlier, he had ordered his security forces to fire on demonstrators in the city of Timisoara, near the border with Yugoslavia, as he flew off for an official visit to Iran. Now, under arrest and facing a military tribunal, he did not seem to understand or accept his defeat. He raged at his judges, who were not shown on the tape, insisted that he would answer only to the "working class" and refused to address the prosecutor's charges that he had destroyed Rumania. Within a bare two hours, the Ceausescus were found guilty of genocide,



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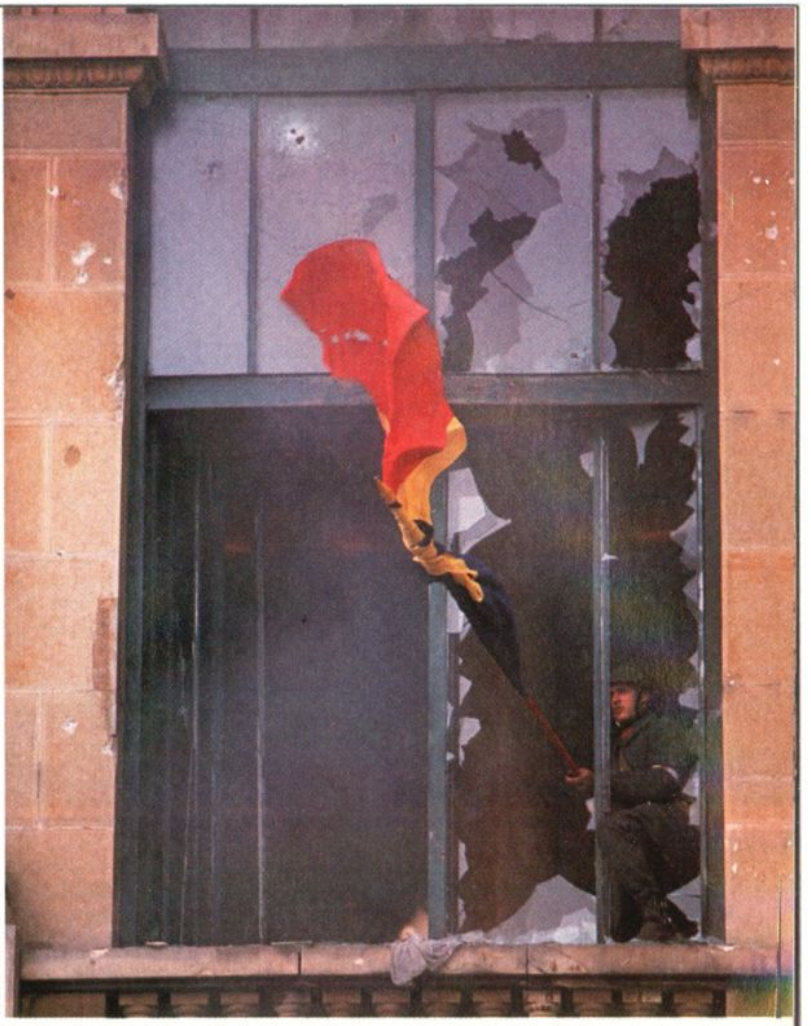


JOSE NICOLAS—SIPA

replayed the tape endlessly

A triumphant wave from the bullet-pocked presidential palace in Bucharest

with "more than 60,000 victims," and of gross abuse of the power of the state.

At dusk on Christmas Day, wearing their overcoats, he and Elena, the second most powerful figure in the country, were executed, without blindfolds, before a barracks wall at the Boteni army camp outside Bucharest. There had been 300 volunteers for the three-man firing squad, a military spokesman who had been present said later, and the actual execution was not filmed because some of the soldiers began shooting as soon as they faced the Ceausescus.

The ashen face of the dictator, eyes open, blood oozing from his head, leaped almost instantly onto TV screens in Rumania and around the world. Many Rumanians wept or cheered in relief. Soviet viewers saw parallels with the Bolshevik Revolution and the execution of Czar Nicholas II and his family. In Paris editorial writers recalled the French Revolution and suggested it was 1789 in Rumania—with some of the same ambiguities of that upheaval.

Others were chilled. In China the Rumanian revolution was read as a cautionary tale of what could have happened in Beijing last year had the army not crushed the pro-democracy movement—and what might still come to pass. Communist Party officials in Beijing put out a directive telling their cadres how to interpret the revolution that swept across Eastern Europe last year, the result of the subversion of socialism by Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev. In the Arab world several newspapers pointedly reminded oppressive regimes that tyranny could not be maintained forever and that strongmen in the region should take heed.

Comparisons with 1789 and 1917 are not out of place. The old order in Rumania has passed, but the bloodshed is not over, and the shape of a new order is not yet discernible. Euphoria collides with the reality of post-Ceausescu life: unrelenting poverty, political confusion, ethnic tension. Rumanians may be jubilant, but they are also fearful of the uncharted world into which they have been pitched. Ceausescu is gone, but the real revolution is just beginning.

In the capital and other parts of the country, several days of heavy fighting between the army and holdout members of the Securitate, Ceausescu's omnipresent secret police, were followed by sporadic sniping and skirmishing. In front of the all-seeing television cameras at Bucharest's national TV studio, where tanks and troops had beaten back several determined Securitate assaults, a self-appointed 60-member National Salvation Front took charge of the country and named a transitional government until free elections, promised for April, could be held. In short order, demonstrators stormed back into the streets to oppose the inclusion of former senior party and government officials in the administration. "No more communists," they chanted, "no more Ceausescus."

New political parties—the first rivals to communism in 45 years—were being formed. The caretaker government set out to erase the most despised features of Ceausescu's Big Brother regime, but the only cohesive organization left to enforce the new decrees seemed to be the army, whose turning against Ceausescu and his Securitate had rescued the revolution from failure.

Even before the Ceausescus were exe-

Army tanks go into action against security forces in Bucharest's Palace Square: heavily armed and determined Securitate troops loyal to Ceausescu

cuted, civilians had moved to assert authority over the army as well as the country. Television, which once beamed out only the glory of Ceausescu, then helped topple him, became the heart and voice of the new government. The National Salvation Front gathered at the studio to announce that the revolution had triumphed—and set about trying to steer it into calmer channels. The Front ordered all those who had seized or been issued firearms to turn them in and instructed revolutionary committees that had sprung up around the country to be "immediately subordinated" to it.

Two days later, a 37-member provisional government threw out some of the most odious of Ceausescu's laws. It abolished the Securitate and canceled the so-called systematization in the countryside, under which thousands of villages were to be destroyed in the name of progress and peasants forced to move into high-rise apartment complexes. It legalized abortion, which had been prohibited by Ceausescu in an effort to increase the labor force in a country that now has a population of 23 million. It ended food rationing, provided enough power to allow citizens to turn up the heat in their houses and apartments, and made it illegal to refuse medical treatment to the elderly, a policy Ceausescu had enforced to keep the population young. No total overhaul of the economy would be undertaken until after elections, but the caretakers canceled food exports and took steps to improve distribution and relieve widespread shortages.

Rumania is potentially a prosperous country, but Ceausescu's compulsion to pay off a $10 billion foreign debt led him to sell most of the country's oil and food production abroad and ration everything at home. Last week supplies his regime had hoarded for export—and for the old communist élite—were rushed into empty stores, and shoppers were dazzled to find meat, oranges, coffee and chocolate, the kind of goods that had not been available to them for years.

All that was popular, but not enough to win universal support for the narrowly based provisional government. Rumanians are troubled by some of the men who assumed control. Several of the leading figures are communists—dissident and reformist communists of the Gorbachev variety, to be sure, but still tainted by membership at one point or another in Ceausescu's machine. The President, Ion Iliescu, 59, is a former Central Committee Secretary who was demoted in the early 1970s after complaining to Ceausescu about nepotism in the party. Vice President Dumitru Mazilu is also a lifelong communist whose career ground to a halt after he clashed with the dictator. The same is true of General Nikolai Militaru, the Defense Minister. Should old bosses, even if disgraced under Ceausescu, run the country's affairs?

Student demonstrators, who triggered the revolution, said no—and emphatically so. They poured into Palace Square only hours after the

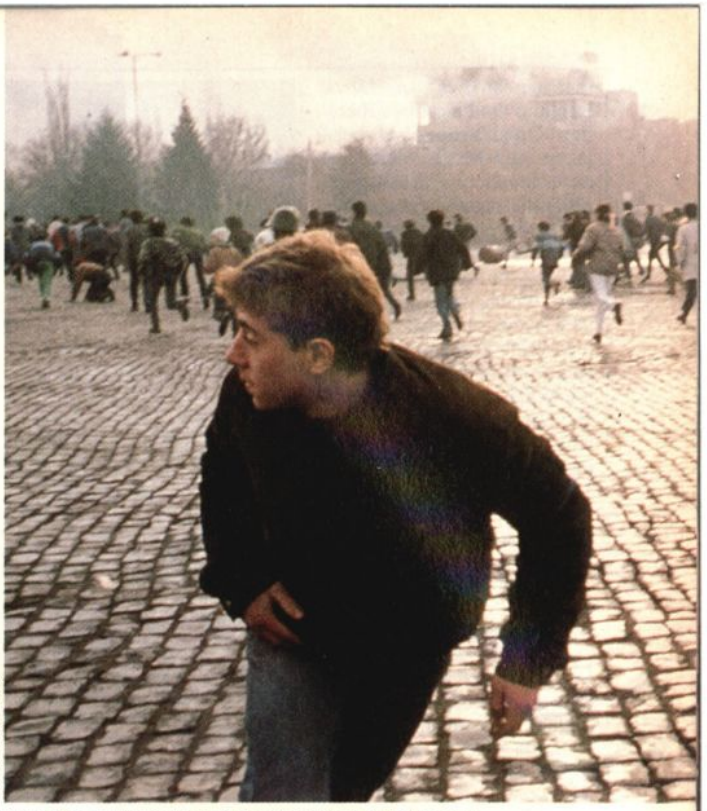
BANDELLI—CONTRASTO/SABA

A civilian defense committee member fires at rooftop snipers

Gunfire crackled through the capital every night.

LUC DELAHAYE—SIPA

were operating from a network of underground tunnels and bunkers



BOCCON-GIBOD—SIPA

Cross fire: antigovernment demonstrators run for cover

caretaker government was announced. In the shadow of the burned-out, bullet-pocked presidential palace and Communist Party Central Committee building, they marched over the refuse of the struggle, crunching through broken glass, lost shoes, burned wood and ash. "We are not leaving!" they yelled. One young man in the crowd told Western correspondents, "We don't want more communists. We want freedom." Valentin Gabrielescu, a 68-year-old lathe operator standing at the edge of the demonstration, agreed. "I do not believe in good or bad communists, just communists. They are all crooks," he said.

Most Rumanians associate communism with tyranny and deprivation, and are not likely to trust even its reformers for long. Like Gorbachev, some of the post-revolution leaders hope to rebuild the Communist Party, not abolish it. Others are uncertain. Newly appointed Prime Minister Petre Roman, for example, admitted last week that the party might not have a future. "I don't know if it will survive," he said. Vice President Mazilu went further. "Rumania is no longer a communist country," he said. "Rumania is a free land, and we will create a real democracy."

Yet even if the party is destined for the trash heap, not all its members—3.8 million before the revolution—can be ruled out of public life, and some may in time prove their worth. In any case, practicality demands that the government retain at least part of the old bureaucracy in the interest of survival. "What can we do?" asked Corneliu Bogdan, the Deputy Foreign Minister. "There is no question of vengeance." But, he added, "we hope gradually to weed out all the top officials who supported Ceausescu." That kind of compromise made many newly liberated Rumanians uneasy about a potential alliance between the army and the bureaucracy—and a possible new dictatorship in the making. Said Doina Cornea, a longtime dissident and a founder of the National Christian Peasant Party: "We don't need central control anymore."

But lack of central control was an obvious problem last week. Under Ceausescu's paranoid purges and the vigilance of his secret police, no significant resistance movement was able to form. The explosion that ended his reign resulted from spontaneous combustion, and the people who powered it were only beginning to get organized. Nobody had a plan for the revolution; the participants only knew what they were against. Said Iliescu: "It was not the movement that led to the overthrow, but the overthrow that created the movement."

That organizing process got haltingly under way last week. Citizens' committees in provincial cities such as Timisoara, where the revolt ignited in mid-December, refused the call to "subordinate" themselves, and demanded a role in the National Salvation Front. Workers who joined students in the streets of Craiova, a southwestern industrial town, for example, had no more coherent a plan than the warning "Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing."

Nor could the caretaker government be certain of security. It appealed "for an end to acts of revenge," but Securitate gunmen sniped intermittently from Bucharest's rooftops; others were believed to be hiding out in a maze of tunnels and secret passages Ceausescu had constructed under the capital's streets. Fighting around the city's international airport forced the frequent interruption of flights. There were ongoing firefights in Timisoara, Arad and Brasov.

With Securitate agents still at large, an absence of fighting did not necessarily mean that they had gone away. Some were killed or captured, but the organization had begun the struggle with 180,000 well-equipped and highly trained agents, and no one seemed to know where most of them were. The provisional government issued an ultimatum: "If they surrender voluntarily with their weapons, they will be tried and the death penalty will not be applied." If they did not, they would be "tried and condemned" by special tribunals. Few secret policemen accepted the offer. With thousands of them, armed and perhaps defiant, unaccounted for, it remained unclear whether they would vanish in the general confusion or carry on some form of guerrilla warfare against the shaky government.

There were persistent rumors last week

that mercenaries from Libya, Iran and the Palestine Liberation Organization had been taken into the Securitate and were conducting urban guerrilla raids around the country. At the Foreign Ministry, Bogdan said he had received "denials to our satisfaction from these Arab governments." But in Washington, Silviu Turcu, a high-level Rumanian intelligence official who defected to the U.S. a year ago, said up to 500 Arabs, mostly Palestinians, could have been involved in the fighting.

When Ceausescu left for Iran on Dec. 18, he believed that Securitate had the uprising in Timisoara in hand. "They tortured everyone, young and old, to frighten the city," a young army officer recounted last week. But Timisoara's young refused to be cowed. "It was a revolt by the kids, a young revolution," said Gabriela Vlad, 24, a doctor in the Timisoara hospital. One of her patients, a 13-year-old girl named Suzana who was shot during a demonstration, explained, "We marched because we had nothing to lose here. We are tired of hearing 'No, no.' "

ANTHONY SUAU—BLACK STAR

Grieving relatives in Bucharest: the number killed and wounded in the uprising might never be determined

Returning from Tehran, Ceausescu found that demonstrations had flared throughout the country and into Bucharest, where he came face to face with rebellion in Palace Square, outside his office. At a rally called to prove his popularity, he was silenced by students shouting "Ceausescu, assassin!" Visibly shocked, he froze, and television transmission was cut off for three minutes. He ordered the Securitate to shoot, but at that point the army switched allegiance—and that was the beginning of the end for Ceausescu, who fled with his wife. TV newsreaders in Bucharest claimed last week that 80,000 people or more were killed in the struggle that began with the slaughter in Timisoara; Western diplomats thought the death toll was far smaller—perhaps thousands, but not tens of thousands. Bernard Kouchner, France's Secretary of State for Humanitarian Affairs, who visited Bucharest last week, said the Rumanian Ministry of Health could confirm only 746 deaths and some 1,800 wounded. An exact figure may never be learned.

The nepotism of the house of Ceausescu had put more than 30 of the dictator's family into high offices. By the time he was executed, many of them, including his two sons, his daughter, his sister and two of his brothers, had been arrested and would probably be put on trial. Ceausescu's son Nicu, who directed security troops in a bloody battle in the city of Sibiu, was expected to be executed. A brother, Marin

Vicious Keepers of the Faith

"They are like cockroaches—ugly, numerous, been around a long time and hard to kill," said a U.S. analyst in Washington last week. "They" are the Securitate, the Ceausescu dictatorship's ever present and dreaded security apparatus, whose members fought savagely for several days to keep the tyrant in power. Among the most vicious of such outfits in the history of the communist world, the Securitate was established in 1945, partly as a counterbalance to the regular military, and later, under Ceausescu, competing with it for funds. Its estimated 180,000 troops regarded themselves as being part of an élite unit; they were never saddled with the manual chores—constructing bridges and the like—routinely assigned to soldiers, and they were equipped with the latest in weaponry even as the 180,000-member, mainly conscripted armed forces suffered budget cutbacks. Securitate members were indoctrinated to equate Ceausescu's well-being with their own and were rewarded with lavish perks. Even after the revolutionary government last week threatened to execute Securitate members found at large, many remained defiant. The few who surrendered were imprisoned, to await trial by the new government.

According to Ion Pacepa, a Rumanian lieutenant general who defected to the U.S. in 1978, the Securitate under Ceausescu had various functions. One was to serve as a kind of Praetorian Guard for members of the Communist Party's Central Committee and specifically the Ceausescu family. Many of the 75,000 or so troops were recruited from orphanages and raised to regard their job with a loyalty bordering on fanaticism. Other uniformed crack troops, equipped with armored vehicles and helicopter gunships, were assigned to supervise the country's border patrol and guard the political prisons. A particularly brutish department known as Service K specialized in torturing political prisoners. Apart from these overt operations, as many as 3 million informants and collaborators—in a population of 23 million—clandestinely

VLADIMIR SICHOV—SIPA

Graves are dug at a Bucharest cemetery for protesters slaughtered in the streets by the security forces

Ceausescu, 74, was found hanged in the Rumanian embassy in Vienna, where he had headed the trade delegation and was widely believed to have been the conduit through whom Nicolae allegedly transferred millions of dollars into Swiss bank accounts. The provisional government notified Switzerland that it would request the assistance of the courts there to try to recover the funds.

Governments East and West cheered the overthrow of Ceausescu, but there were murmurs of distaste at the secret trial and execution of the 71-year-old dictator and his wife. "We would have preferred it if there had been a public trial," said White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater. Nevertheless, like other Western countries, the U.S. speedily recognized "the new legitimate government" and offered its support. Said the British Foreign Office: "Although one may regret a secret trial, at the time it was not really surprising." Gorbachev congratulated Iliescu on taking charge "at a difficult moment when Rumanian patriots resolutely came out to save the nation from forces of despotism and terror." Beijing, a Ceausescu supporter to the end, fretted privately but said only that "we respect the choice made by the Rumanian people."

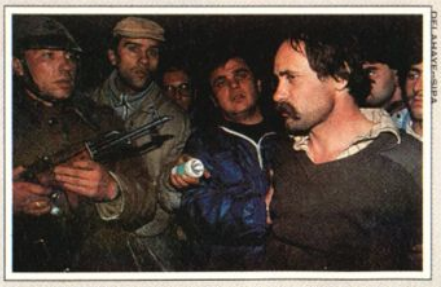
Prime Minister Roman defended the swift execution, claiming that Ceausescu loyalists were about to attack the military base where the dictator was being held in an attempt to free him. "We were in a situation that did not allow us to wait," Roman said. "Perhaps it was a mistake. But it is too early to judge." At least as real as an impending rescue attempt was the Salvation Front's fear that Ceausescu as a prisoner would give the Securitate a reason for fighting on. Some members of the Front may have thought it a good idea to offer the Rumanian people some blood quickly in order to head off wider vengeance directed against communists in general. "A long trial," said Deputy Foreign Minister Bogdan, "would only have led to more useless carnage."

Rumania now enters a perilous new phase of its revolution. The tyrant has been overthrown, but a power vacuum has been left behind. The National Salvation Front is ruling by televised announcements; no authority is in full control anywhere. Weeks are likely to pass before anything resembling an effective government emerges.

In the meantime, the only national institution with authority and legitimacy is the army. While the military has promised

monitored mail and telephone conversations, analyzed handwriting samples to track down the sources of dissident material, tailed foreigners and spied on citizens in every apartment block, village and factory. Their ubiquitous presence helps explain the deep vein of distrust and suspicion pervading Rumanian society. The Securitate further functioned as the national intelligence service.

When the revolt erupted, many Securitate members slipped into an elaborate network of tunnels, whose existence was a well-guarded secret. The underground passageways link security headquarters, Communist Party headquarters, the presidential palace in central Bucharest and other key government buildings. The tunnels made it possible for Securitate members to escape the initial onslaught by soldiers and armed civilians and then regroup to attack the revolutionary forces. Securitate assaults in Bucharest and elsewhere in the country were carried out with arms and ammunition stored in caches secretly assembled outside the force's official camps.



DELAMAYE—SIPA

Scoundrel time: a Securitate suspect in custody

One of the Securitate's more unusual duties was to provide down-to-the-skin security for Ceausescu. According to Pacepa, after hearing Cuba's Fidel Castro claim that the CIA had once tried to poison him by treating his shoes with a toxic substance, Ceausescu developed a phobia about becoming the victim of such a scheme and began wearing brand-new garments every day. At one time, says Pacepa, the Securitate kept a year's worth of suits, socks and shoes stored in a special warehouse; one of each, presumably after careful inspection, was delivered daily to Ceausescu's private quarters. Once a set of clothes had been worn by Ceausescu, it was destroyed.

—By William R. Doerner. Reported by David Aikman/Washington and John Borrell/Vienna

DELAHAYE—SIPA

Like the nepotistic house of Ceausescu, the presidential palace went up in the flames of revolution

the Front its support, the ad hoc alliance faces the task of ending civil strife and imposing law-and-order on a country flooded with weapons and a thirst for retribution. Says a Western military attaché: "Proper law-and-order can be restored only when the army takes all excess weapons out of circulation. But it can do that only when it has won the confidence of the population."

Thus the near future contains more questions than answers. Will the National Salvation Front win popular loyalty in spite of its domination by communists? Will the army lose patience with squabbling civilians and simply take over? Can peace be restored so that Rumanians can cooperate in constructing a freer political system? Does democracy stand a chance?

The U.S., the Soviet Union and the European Community have all pledged to help Rumania mend its wounds and have dispatched shipments of food and medicines. But even with the best of will, there is little outsiders can do beyond providing emergency aid until the transition government, or the one to follow it, manages to grasp firm control. In an attempt to achieve that and broaden its base, the Front at week's end expanded from 60 to 145 members. Among the newcomers were representatives of some ten nascent political parties and local action committees and citizen militias from around the country. Once a solid coalition is in place, its biggest task will be to organize and carry out Rumania's first free elections since 1928.

In a country with no tradition of pluralism and democracy, the creation of parties, of programs, of an electoral system is a daunting enough assignment—even without post-revolutionary confusion and chaos. There have been suggestions that the balloting should be postponed beyond April. But Rumanians, who have shed much blood to win the right to choose a representative government, are not likely to allow anyone to keep them from doing so. ***—Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Timisoara, William Mader/London and James Wilde/Bucharest***

DEFIANT TO THE END

For two hours on Christmas Day an unrepentant Nicolae and Elena Ceausescu faced an invisible tribunal. In answer to charges of genocide, subversion of the national economy and secreting $1 billion in foreign bank accounts, the couple defiantly challenged the right of their accusers to judge them. Excerpts:

Ceausescu *(arguing loudly)*: I do not recognize this court. Read the constitution.

Prosecutor: We've read the constitution. We know it better than you do.

Ceausescu: I will not answer a single question.

Prosecutor: What possessed you to reduce the people to the state they were in? Why did the people have to starve?

Ceausescu: This is a lie and proves the lack of patriotism in the country . . .

Prosecutor: What have you done for the country?

Ceausescu: I built hospitals.

Prosecutor: You destroyed the Rumanian people and their economy.

Ceausescu: We do not intend to argue with you. The population had everything it needed . . .

Prosecutor: Who ordered the shooting of the people?

Ceausescu *(staring at the ceiling)*: I will not answer a single question. Do not interpret my silence as answers. I will answer only to the working class.

Prosecutor: There are more than 64,000 dead in the cities.

Elena *(angrily)*: This is a provocation!

Prosecutor: All you did was science?

AFP

Elena *(shouting)*: I am the president of the Rumanian Academy of Sciences! I am the First Deputy Prime Minister . . .

Prosecutor: Let Ceausescu tell us something about his Swiss bank accounts.

Elena: Evidence, evidence, evidence!

Ceausescu: There is not a single account. You are a provocateur . . .

Prosecutor *(reading the verdict)*: On the basis of the actions of the members of the Ceausescu family, we condemn the two of you to death.

Ceausescu *(defiantly)*: I am not a defendant. I am President of Rumania and the Commander in Chief of the armed forces. I refuse to recognize this court.

A voice interrupts, ordering the pair to stand.

Elena *(to her husband)*: No, dear, we will not rise.

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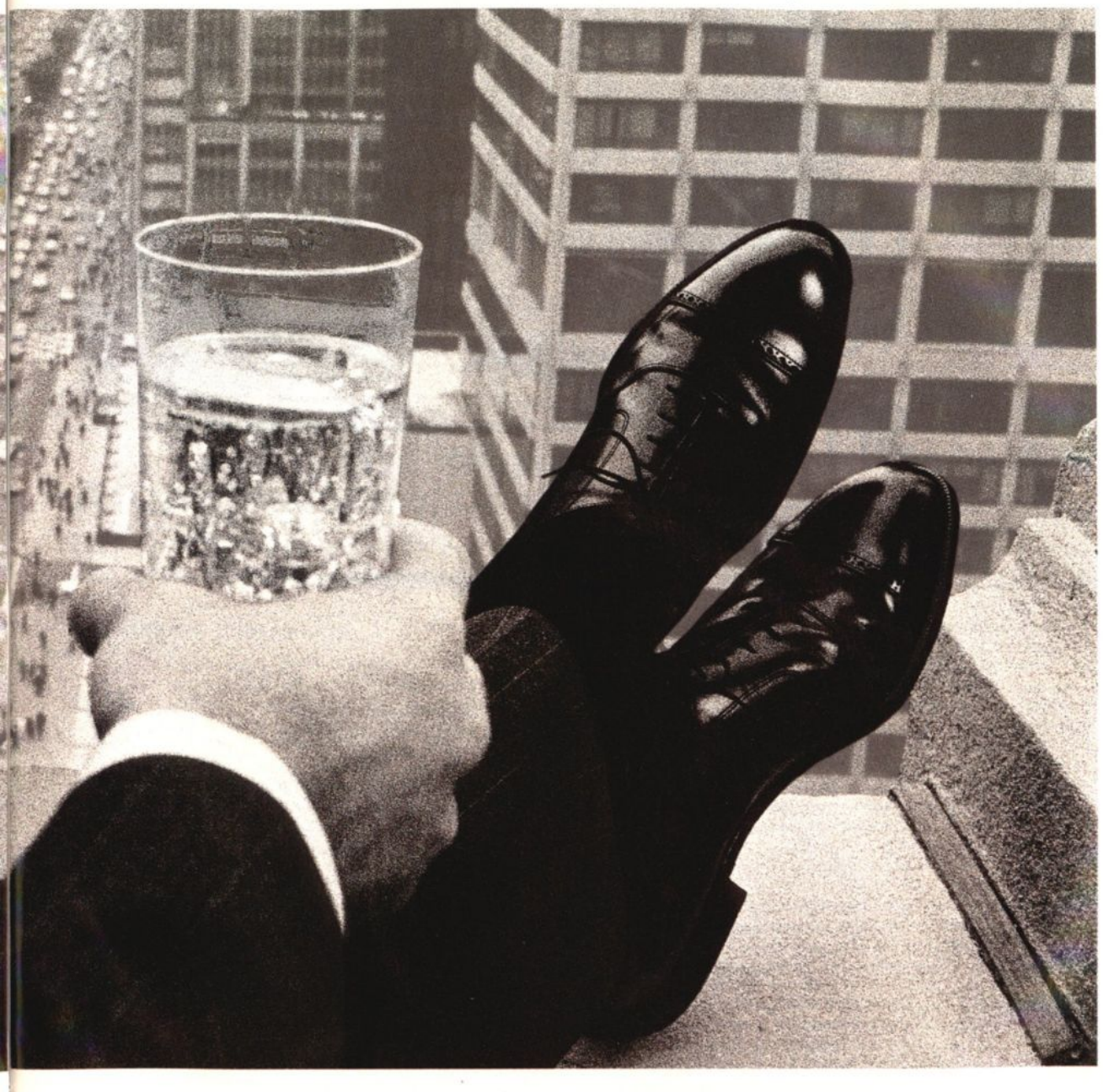

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SAUSSIER—GAMMA LIAISON

In Timisoara, among the exhumed corpses, survivors mourned loved ones killed by Ceausescu's forces

A Kaleidoscope of Chaos

On the road from the border to Bucharest: people ricocheting between agony and elation, fear and hope

BY JAMES WILDE TIMISOARA

On Christmas Eve in Timisoara, the border city where the uprising against Nicolae Ceausescu first bubbled up, a young woman stood in a field, rocking back and forth, crying softly. "Bloody, oh, how bloody," she crooned over the corpse of an old man. His hands had been cut off, his body disfigured by boiling water and acid. He had been her father.

Nothing could have prepared the mind for Timisoara and the tableau of horrors left by the regime's last and worst spasm of barbarity. In the same muddy field, laid out on white sheets, were two dozen other naked bodies, more victims of a massacre Dec. 16 and 17 by the Securitate, Ceausescu's secret police. These bodies too had been subjected to efforts to render them unrecognizable, an obvious attempt not only to spite those the victims left behind but also to intimidate them. The bodies bore various marks of torture: ankles entwined in barbed wire, stomachs crudely sewn up where they had been slashed open. On the corpse of one woman lay the seven-month fetus that had been ripped from her womb.

But horror was not the only emotion expressed in Rumania last week. In the village of Denta, near Timisoara, church bells were pealing. A procession of villagers, many of whom looked like Gulag veterans in their shabby overalls and torn jackets, streamed out of the small Orthodox church and gathered on the village green, singing in thanksgiving joy. A horse-drawn cart clattered by, and its euphoric driver shouted, "Long live the liberation!"

Scenes that were part of an otherworldly mixture of triumph and fear, suspicion and hope: peasants making the V-for-victory sign outside empty shops or beside wells said to have been poisoned by the Securitate. No one confident that those brutal defenders of the old regime were really gone; no one certain what kind of a government was in charge. People ricocheting between agony and elation. And fear everywhere.

More than a week after the rebellion erupted, Securitate snipers were still shooting at anything that moved, armed or unarmed, in the streets of Timisoara. Every intersection had a checkpoint manned by young and visibly frightened rebels. Whenever a car appeared, they flagged it down to search for weapons; even a stooped grandmother might join in the effort.

In a country thick with informers, where the constant fear of betrayal to the Securitate had destroyed people's ability to trust one another and work together, the newfound sense of common cause showed itself in other ways. Women rushed out to the army tanks rumbling along Timisoara's streets and passed baskets of bread and pails of tea through the hatches. One recalled another legacy of Ceausescu's—the beggaring of Rumania—when she explained, "We have nothing else to give the soldiers except bread."

Rumor swirled. Everyone had heard about one place or another where Ceausescu followers had suddenly appeared: "Last night we heard that paratroopers loyal to that murderer [Ceausescu] had been dropped outside the town," said Asofei Jorim, 21, a student who had survived the Timisoara massacre and joined the militia guarding the city. "We have even heard that Palestinian students who were being trained as terrorists here are also supporting the old regime."

Everywhere, relief and triumph mingled with a persistent sense of danger. At Moravita, a sleepy Rumanian frontier post on the edge of the Yugoslav border, customs officials waved their arms high in victory but warned, "Be very careful. There is shooting all the time." In villages along the road to Bucharest, virtually every Rumanian flag had the communist logo scissored out of the center of the blue, yellow and red field; everywhere, signs lauding communism and Ceausescu had been defaced. In Craiova, an industrial city west of Bucharest, jubilation reigned even as fighting between the army and the Securitate was still going on. "We are all in ecstasy over our new freedom," said Eugen Radui, a 19-year-old student who was part of a group guarding a hotel. "I have had no liberty. It is impossible to describe what it was like living here." At the town hall, where a provisional governing committee of 40 people had been installed, the lights were kept dim so snipers could not spot potential targets through the windows.

Even so, nothing could dim the realization that Rumania had entered a new era. "It was the students who lighted the fire, the students in Bucharest and Timisoara," said Emilian Mercan, 36, a former travel agent and member of the Craiova committee. "I never thought this could happen, this revolution." Later, after hearing that Ceausescu and his wife Elena had been executed, Mercan summed up his feelings in what might be close to a nationwide sentiment: "We are like children waking from a nightmare in the middle of the night. All we want is reassurance that it won't happen again." ■

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PANAMA

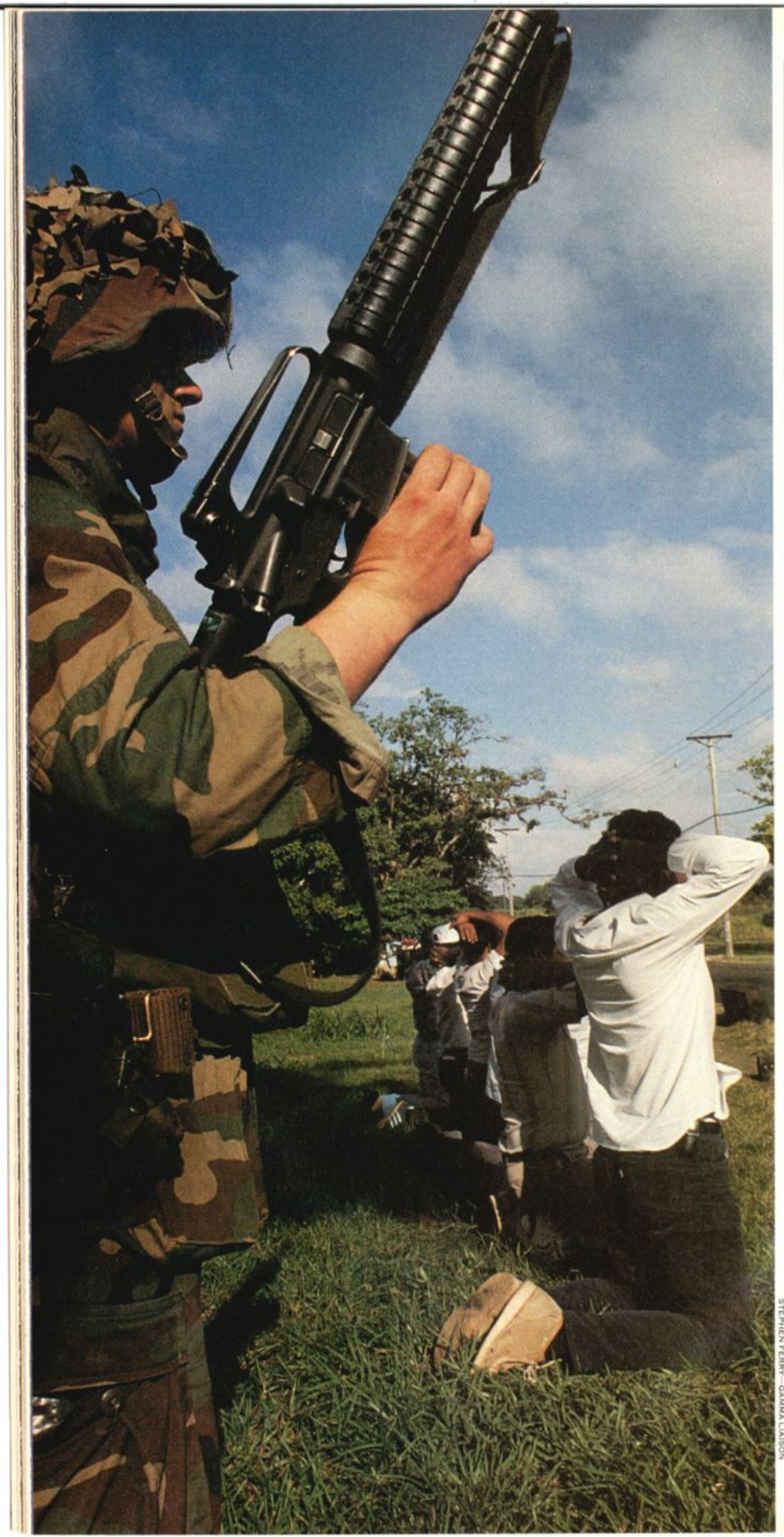
No Place To Run

With Noriega cornered but not caught, was the pain of invasion worth the gain?

BY GEORGE J. CHURCH

Care for a used dictator, courtesy of the Vatican? Not if he is Manuel Antonio Noriega, replied leaders of Spain, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua and perhaps other nations last week. None wanted any part of the busted Panamanian strongman, accused drug dealer and alleged black-magic practitioner. Only Cuba showed even a grudging interest in enabling Noriega to leave the Vatican embassy in Panama City, where he had taken refuge from invading U.S. troops on Christmas Eve. "We wouldn't do it for Noriega the man," said a Cuban diplomat. "This would be our way of standing up for nonintervention and, frankly, sticking it to the gringos." Officials in Washington, however, swore they would not consent to a transfer of Noriega unless he went much farther away than Cuba, to a country where he would have no chance to continue meddling in Panama.

So Noriega remained in the Panama City nunciature (papal embassy), presumably covering his ears against a pop-culture version of psychological warfare. U.S. troops ringing the embassy set up loudspeakers and blasted away with rock music, which to the opera-loving Noriega must have been sheer cacophony. Among the titles: *No Place to Run, Voodoo Chile* and *You're No Good.* The G.I.s harassed the nunciature in other ways too: they shot out a garden light and repeatedly stopped the papal legate, Monsignor José Sebastián Laboa, as he came and went.



STEPHEN FERRY—GAMMA LIAISON

G.I. guards captured suspects thought to be members of Noriega's Dignity Battalions

Meanwhile, Washington and the Vatican were trying to find a way out of their diplomatic deadlock. A Vatican statement asserted that Laboa was "doing his best to convince General Noriega to abandon the nunciature on his own," though it added that the legate "cannot force Noriega to leave." The White House for its part declared its "appreciation" of Vatican efforts and reassured the papacy that "there are no fixed deadlines to be met."

But the softer words did not change the official positions. The U.S. was demanding that the Vatican hand over the dethroned dictator so that he could be flown to Florida for trial on charges of facilitating or arranging the smuggling of drugs into the U.S. Noriega was not a political refugee, Washington insisted, but a common criminal fleeing prosecution. In a letter to Vatican Secretary of State Agostino Cardinal Casaroli, U.S. Secretary of State James Baker argued that Noriega's alleged involvement in drug dealing and murder violated all moral standards of the Roman Catholic Church and of civil society, and deprived Noriega of any right to asylum.

The church, though, has a tradition of giving asylum to Latin American politicians on the run. Among them: Guillermo Endara, the U.S.-installed current President of Panama, who took shelter in the nunciature from Noriega thugs after he had won an election last May that the dictator annulled. One high-ranking Vatican official summarized the thinking: "The right to asylum must be defended, even for Lucifer." Moreover, contended a church statement, Noriega's surrender to the papal legate "helped in a very positive way to put an end to the conflict [with invading American troops] and to hasten the time of peace." The implication is that the asylum was in fact serving a moral cause rather than shielding a criminal.

Nor did Pope John Paul II appreciate Washington's heavy-handed tactics. Said a source close to the Pontiff: "The more pressure the U.S. puts on [the Pope and his aides], the more they will dig in their heels." Referring to the siege by rock music, and pointing to the third floor of the papal palace where the Pope has his offices, an American priest in the Vatican said, "They don't like it one bit. And if [the Americans] think a stunt like this is going to get them anywhere, they'd better think again." At week's end the loud serenade was halted.

Prospects for a quick compromise seem dim. One alternative might be for the Vatican to hand over Noriega to the new Panamanian government. But neither Endara nor his American protectors like that idea. The dictator faces no criminal charges in Panama. Even if some were to be filed against him now, Endara and the U.S. alike fear Noriega could make trouble from a Panamanian jail cell. "Frankly, I wish he were dead," says Luis Martinz, a top aide to Endara. Failing that, Panama's leaders would turn Noriega over to the U.S. if they got their hands on him. Endara at first declared that there was no legal basis for extraditing Noriega to the U.S., but later found a clause in an obscure 1904 treaty that might permit it. The flip-flop will neither enhance Endara's reputation for independence from his American patrons nor ease the Vatican's opposition to surrendering the general.

JOHN HOPPER—AP

Americans chat with a nunciature official about the embassy's Christmas Eve guest

Letting Noriega go into exile somewhere outside Panama stirs no enthusiasm in the Bush Administration. It would raise an embarrassing question of why the U.S. and Panama had to suffer the death and destruction of the invasion for a result that could possibly have been accomplished peacefully. Several times in the past few years Noriega and the U.S. came close to a deal under which the dictator would have left Panama in return for having the American indictments against him quashed, but the arrangements always fell through.

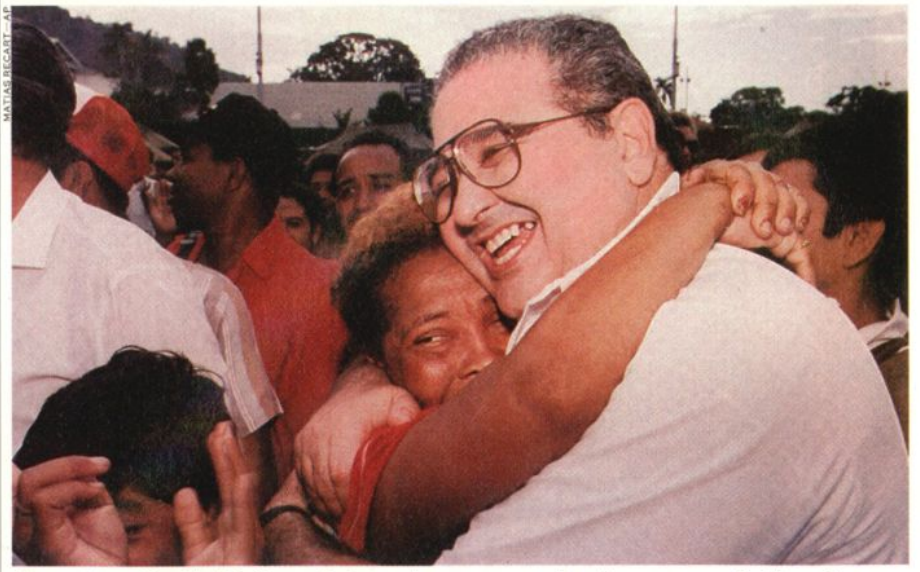
In the aftermath of invasion, said White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, the stakes have been raised. To justify the 23 G.I.s killed and 300-odd wounded, the 600 Panamanians dead and $2 billion in economic damages, the U.S. wants more from Noriega than simple exile. Nonetheless, at length and after much screaming, the U.S. may decide to live with a negotiated deal. "All things considered, having him go to a third country where he won't be able to stir up trouble is not such a bad way for this thing to end," said a State Department official. But Washington would insist on some stern and hard-to-enforce conditions: that Noriega have no access to his fortune, estimated at $200 million to $300 million, and that he be kept isolated from press and TV. Those conditions would scarcely help overcome the reluctance of third countries to harbor the dictator.

For all the frustration at not being able to bring Noriega to justice, however, Bush hailed the dictator's surrender to the papal nuncio as "a marvelous Christmas present." It promptly put a stop to the fighting that had threatened to drag out into a guerrilla campaign; Noriega loyalists saw no point in battling on after their chief was gone. Last week American troops turned their attention to restoring law-and-order and suppressing looting in Panama City, sometimes in joint patrols with members of the Panama Defense Forces (now renamed Public Forces) with whom they had exchanged gunfire days earlier.

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—BLACK STAR

Memento at Noriega headquarters

Plans to resist the U.S. invasion had called for the P.D.F. to break up into small



MATIAS BEGART—AP

Panama's new President Guillermo Endara embraces a woman at a refugee camp on Christmas Day

groups and conduct a guerrilla war. But Noriega from the first was too intent on saving his own skin to give his followers any direction. Shortly before the invasion, U.S. intelligence claims to have sighted Noriega at an officers' club at the international airport. Noriega, however, had an advance intimation of the attack. As an old intelligence operative, he could hardly have missed the cargo planes ferrying troops and equipment into American military bases. He took off for five days of scuttling around Panama City, trailing an entourage of bodyguards and their girlfriends.

He stayed briefly with supporters at homes ranging from multibedroom houses to bug-ridden shacks, and supposedly spent part of one night on the 17th floor of the Holiday Inn. On Sunday, the fifth day of the invasion, U.S. troops reportedly burst into the luxurious home of the mother of Noriega's mistress, Vicky Amado, but missed the dictator possibly by only half an hour. The *Wall Street Journal* stated that the Americans had been told of Noriega's whereabouts by a telephone call from Amado's teenage daughter. Amado's mother denied that U.S. troops raided her house.

By Christmas Eve, most of Noriega's entourage had melted away. The dictator was exhausted by the chase and depressed by the defection of one of his top lieutenants, Luis del Cid, who surrendered to U.S. forces in the western province of Chiriqui rather than organize a resistance. Noriega, accompanied by two bodyguards, drove to a Dairy Queen ice-cream store in Paitilla, a commercial neighborhood of Panama City. He dialed the nunciature's number and spoke to Monsignor Laboa. As a non-American diplomat who has been in touch with Laboa paraphrased the conversation, Noriega requested sanctuary. On what grounds? asked Laboa. Look, Noriega replied, at this moment the Pope is beginning to celebrate Christmas in Rome. He will be preaching about the inn where Joseph and Mary were turned away. Can you refuse me? Laboa decided he could not. Shortly after, a nunciature vehicle picked up Noriega at the Dairy Queen. And why had American troops not surrounded the papal embassy as they had the Cuban and Nicaraguan embassies, where it was suspected Noriega might seek asylum? The State Department answered, in effect, that they had simply never thought of doing so.

Unable to get at Noriega, the U.S. went after some of his money. The Justice Department asked Britain, France, Luxembourg and Switzerland to freeze accounts in which Noriega was thought to have stashed $10 million or more; France and Switzerland promptly complied. On the basis of documents seized during the invasion, the U.S. felt sure it could prove that the accounts were stuffed with drug money.

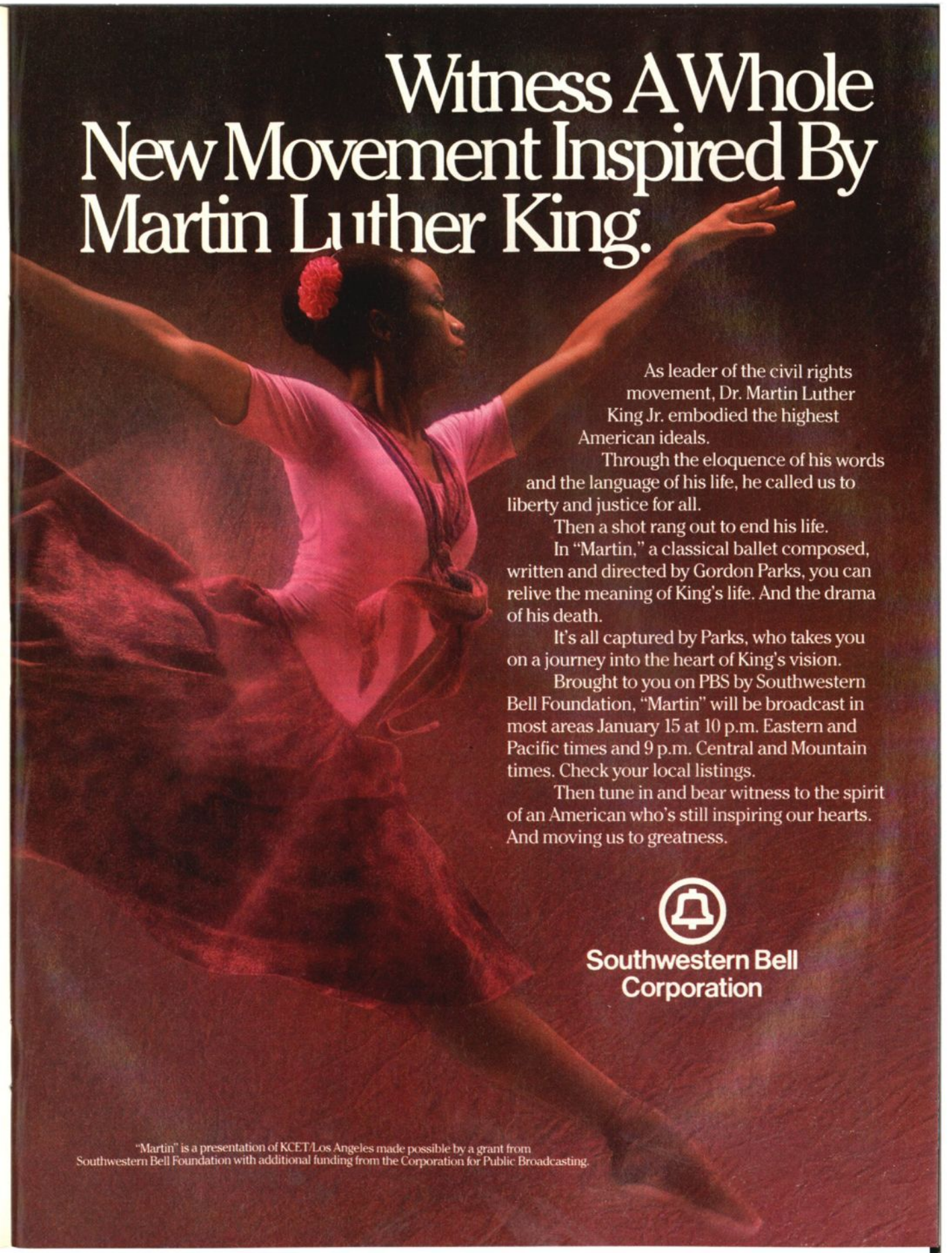
Two other countries are also likely to be asked to freeze Noriega funds, but part of his wealth may escape. The U.S. insists it is after only drug profits, not the take from prostitution, gambling and other rackets that Noriega controlled. Should the dictator be forced into exile, he would have to leave his $600,000 Panama City mansion—"hung with nearly 50 valuable oil paintings," according to the U.S. State Department—his chalet in Rio Hato and his 60-acre retreat in Chiriqui province. But he might be able to enjoy some other holdings: luxury apartments in Paris and the Dominican Republic, a Boeing 727, three Learjets and yachts named *Macho I, Macho II* and *Macho III*.

Wherever he finally lands, Noriega seems finished politically. Latin dictators, once deposed and forced to seek asylum, rarely if ever come back. After his flight into the nunciature, Panama began returning to normal. Government offices and businesses that had not been looted reopened.

STEPHEN FERRY—GAMMA LIAISON

Panamanians turning in guns and ammunition to U.S. forces for up to $150—cash on the spot

Is the price of stability to "re-establish the P.D.F. under a different name"?



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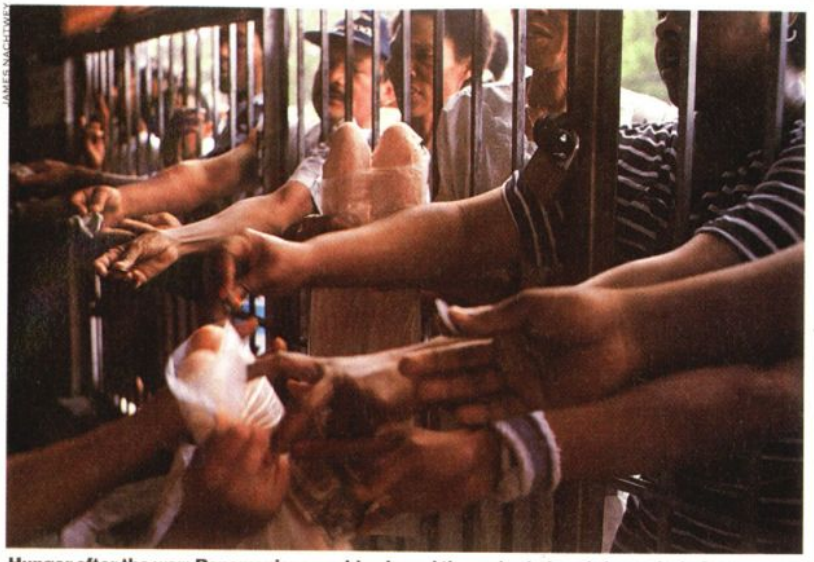


JAMES NACHTWEY

Hunger after the war: Panamanians seeking bread through a bakery's barred windows

Panamanians hailed the American invaders as liberators, even in El Chorrillo, a burned-out section of Panama City where many were left homeless. Residents of the down-at-the-heels area were quick to assert that the fires were not caused by U.S. military action but were deliberately set by Noriega's paramilitary Dignity Battalions. Eulalia Sanchez paused while burning garbage in a vacant lot in front of her damaged El Chorrillo home to declare, "We are very happy with the gringos. They freed us from the tyranny of Noriega."

Similar scenes occurred in such towns as David, Chame, Anton and Rio Hato, and should help the U.S. defend the invasion before world public opinion as something better than imperialistic bullying. One indication: Peru, which suspended joint antidrug actions with the U.S. two weeks ago as a sign of outrage at the invasion, quietly resumed them last week. However, the U.N. General Assembly adopted a resolution that called the Panamanian invasion a "flagrant violation of international law."

Another diplomatic contretemps flared up when U.S. troops briefly invaded the residence of Nicaragua's Ambassador to Panama Antenor Ferrey, apparently to search for a cache of weapons. They turned up five rifles, which were later returned with an apology. In retaliation, Nicaragua ordered 20 American diplomats to leave Managua.

Triumph in the short run by no means guarantees that the U.S. will be able to bequeath Panama a stable, democratic civilian government. Endara has not even finished naming a full Cabinet, and in other ways he is all too obviously dependent on his American protectors. In fact, Endara suffered from telling, if unintentional, slights. His first television address to the nation was preceded on-screen by a U.S. Defense Department logo. When Americans accepted the surrender of Del Cid, they flew him to the U.S. for trial on drug charges without so much as a by-your-leave to the country's new President.

Endara's chances of forming a government that does not need to be propped up by U.S. troops and tanks depend heavily on his getting control of the Panamanian military. But it is the U.S. that is picking the leaders of the new Public Forces. And though the Americans are screening former P.D.F. members against "black, gray and white" lists (black representing the deepest degree of involvement with Noriega), they have nonetheless named a former Noriega henchman to command the new militia. He is Roberto Armijo, who helped Noriega squelch a coup last October and participated in the fight against the U.S. invasion.

Some of Endara's lieutenants would prefer to have no army at all. Ricardo Arias Calderón, one of Endara's two Vice Presidents, is known to believe Panama should follow the example of Costa Rica, which does not have a substantial military force; yet Calderón has been prevailed on to say the opposite in recent interviews. The U.S. insists that a professional military is needed to protect the Panama Canal and it must, regrettably, be headed in part by Noriega's followers because hardly any uncorrupted and democratic Panamanian officers with military experience are available. "The danger," says Ambler Moss, a former U.S. Ambassador to Panama, "is that the price of stability is to re-establish the P.D.F. under a different name."

In fact, such a development might produce stability of a distinctly unwelcome variety. Many times previously, the interaction of a weak civilian leadership and a strong military has plunged Panama—and other U.S. client states in Central America—into dictatorship. A week after the military triumph against Noriega, the U.S. was discovering again that it is much easier to depose a dictator than to establish a democracy. ***—Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington, Robert Moynihan/Rome and John Moody/Panama City***

MORRIS—BLACK STAR

The wreckage of Panama City's El Chorrillo district, scene of some of the heaviest fighting

Nonetheless, residents insisted, "we are very happy with the gringos."

Passing the Manhood Test

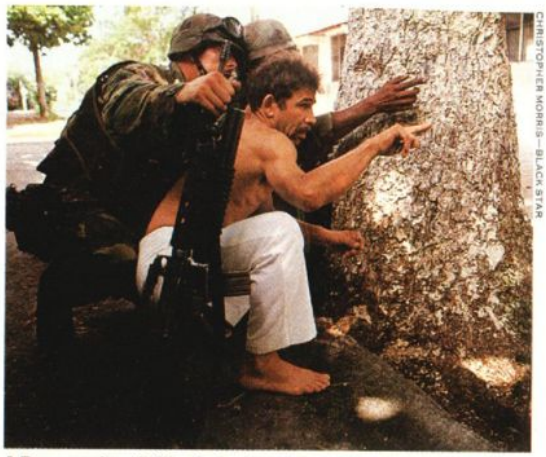
Operation Just Cause was a triumph for American soldiers

"It was probably the best-conceived military operation since World War II," declared retired Army Chief of Staff General Edward Meyer. Insisted a veteran enlisted man in Panama: "From a professional military point of view, this operation will go down as a brilliant success." For the U.S. military, said a senior Pentagon officer who had no doubt that the G.I.s had passed the exam with flying colors, "the Panama invasion was a test of manhood."

Although the judges were hardly impartial, few military experts dissent from their glowing assessments of Operation Just Cause. The praise was a welcome shift. Except for the U.S. air strike on Libya in 1986, American military performance since Viet Nam has been miserable. In 1983 commanders in Lebanon failed to erect defenses to prevent a mere truck from crashing into a Marine barracks and killing 241 American servicemen with a load of explosives. The invasion of Grenada that same year was ultimately successful, but so botched that 18 Americans died even though the island was defended only by a ragtag of Cuban construction workers and Cuban and Grenadian soldiers.

Tactically, Grenada and Panama were vastly different. The Grenada strike was thrown together in two days adhering to a foolish requirement that it be a joint operation of all U.S. services. As a result, command lines were blurred and coordination was poor. Navy commanders could not talk to their counterparts in the Army and the Air Force because their radios were incompatible. The troops had difficulty finding the American students they had been sent to liberate.

The Panama attack, in contrast, had been planned and polished for months. Some 13,000 U.S. troops were already in place at well-stocked bases. They provided intelligence on opposing forces and protection for the arriving invaders. Most significant, Panama was mainly an Army show, though small units of Navy SEALS and Marines were involved. Joint Chiefs Chairman General Colin Powell squelched interservice rivalries and gave the two top on-site Army generals, Maxwell Thurman, head of the U.S. Southern Command, and Carl Stiner, the Task Force Commander, clear authority to direct the attacks. Says retired Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf III, who commanded the Grenada task force: "In Panama they had a lot of time to prepare, and they did a hell of a job; they were able to tailor things a lot better."



CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—BLACK STAR

A Panamanian civilian helps Americans pinpoint enemy firing

This time the medals were truly earned.

The result was U.S. troops quickly knocked out any hope that the 12,000-member Panama Defense Forces might have had of making a coordinated counterattack on invasion night. "The whole infrastructure of our forces was destroyed in the first hour," admitted Major Ivan Gaytan, a top P.D.F. planner. Though some Pentagon planners had anticipated 70 U.S. military deaths, the figure was 23. Noriega's irregular Dignity Battalions raised more havoc than expected with sniper fire and hit-and-run attacks in Panama City streets. But when Lieut. Colonel Luis del Cid, Manuel Noriega's most trusted military aide, waved a white flag over his fortress in Chiriqui province and Noriega deserted his fighters to save his skin, resistance faded.

Inevitably there were mistakes. Many paratroopers missed their landing zones. The shelling of Noriega's Comandancía headquarters destroyed houses in the adjacent Chorrillo neighborhood, where many poor people live. Air attacks on the San Miguelito area were devastating. The U.S. embassy said 300 Panamanian civilians died (unofficial estimates go as high as 800), an alarming toll. Many Panamanians criticized the failure of the Americans to move against the looting that engulfed Panama City. "There should have been troops placed along commercial arteries," complained Steve Maduro, a past director of Panama's Chamber of Commerce. "Our police force was nonexistent, and it was utter chaos for three days."

Yet Operation Just Cause quickly removed Noriega from power and gave a new government a chance to take root. As a bonus, it recovered some 48,000 weapons that might one day have been turned against Americans or sent off to El Salvador as part of Noriega's gun running to rebels there. In Panama, American servicemen fully earned the kind of medals that were so lavishly dispensed after Grenada. —***By Ed Magnuson. Reported by James Carney/Panama City and Bruce van Voorst/Washington***

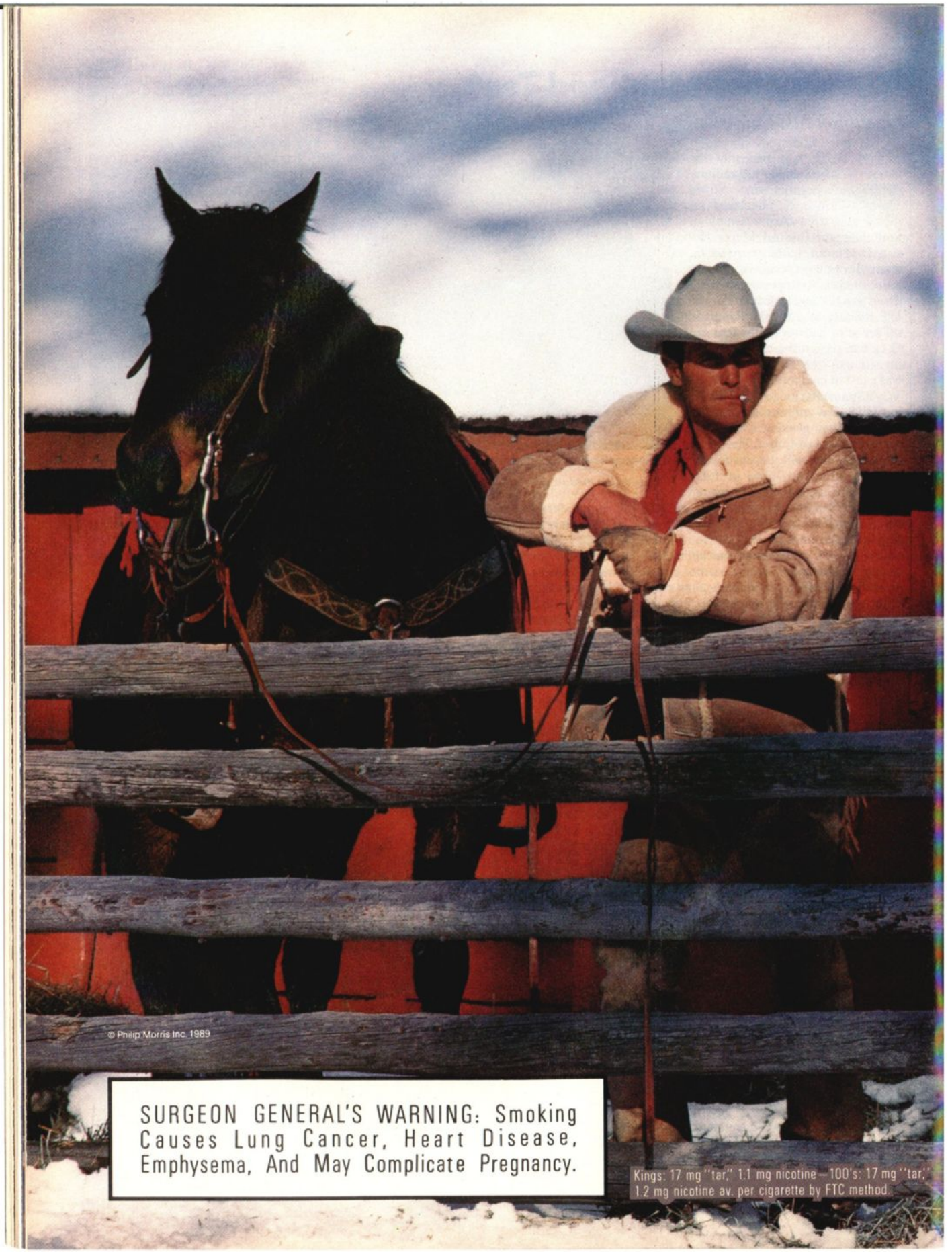
Bombing Run on Congress

BYRON AUGHENBAUGH

The U.S. Air Force's supersecret $50 million F-117A Stealth fighter is designed to avoid detection by sophisticated radar as it homes in on enemy targets. The Panama Defense Forces had no effective radar, antiaircraft guns or interceptor planes. So why were two F-117As dashing over Panama at the start of the American invasion and dropping bombs on an open field near a P.D.F. barracks? To wage a public relations assault on the U.S. Congress.

Dropping its usual secrecy, the Pentagon quickly leaked word of the operation, boasting that the planes had accomplished their mission to "stun, disorient and confuse" the enemy and that they had done so with pinpoint accuracy. But some Air Force pilots consider the plane so unstable in flight that they call it the Wobbly Goblin. A congressional defense expert dismissed the public exposure of the F-117A as "pure pap—a gimmick." This mission, he scoffed, "could have been flown with an Aero Commander, or let Mathias Rust [the West German teenager who landed his Cessna in Red Square] do it."

The real objective was to save Stealth technology from the congressional budget ax. At a time of diminishing Pentagon budgets, both the B-2 Stealth bomber and the proposed Advance Tactical Fighter, which will also incorporate Stealth technology, are catching heavy flak in Congress. The Air Force unleashed its F-117As not to scare Manuel Noriega but to build a case that high-tech aircraft have a role even in a low-tech war. ■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Glued to the Tube

In the totalitarian world of *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* George Orwell imagined that the Thought Police would rely on a ubiquitous "oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror" to keep the citizens of Oceania brainwashed and obedient: "The instrument (the television, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely." That prophecy turned out spectacularly wrong. TV, along with radio, computers, modems, copiers and fax machines, caused big trouble for Big Brother in 1989. Once the more repressive precincts of the global village were wired for *glasnost,* legions of little brothers whispered subversion in everyone's ear.

What has been called the third industrial revolution, the transformation of society by high technology and mass communications, has made it possible to infiltrate competing images of reality across borders. "Terrestrial overspill" allowed East Germans to watch West German TV, tempting them with what they saw advertised. Young Estonians have learned idiomatic American English from reruns of *Dynasty* shown in neighboring Finland.

AFP

TV age: the Rumanians go live with their revolution

When communism began to self-destruct last year, TV journalists did more than just report the phenomenon—they participated in it. The presence of foreign cameramen seemed to embolden the demonstrators. Once the Chinese authorities decided to shed blood, they literally pulled the plug on television coverage. Rumania's Nicolae Ceausescu also kept the press out of his country while he slaughtered its citizens. Not until TV aired footage of his lifeless body were many Rumanians convinced that the despot had really been executed.

The blank screen is a license to kill. After the Tiananmen Square massacre, China's regime implicitly acknowledged its vulnerability to short waves by singling out the Voice of America for charges of slander and fabrication. In fact, the VOA had broadcast the truth back into the People's Republic, jamming the Big Lie.

David Webster, a former director of the BBC and now a senior fellow of the Annenberg Washington Program on Communications Policy, calls high-tech information gear "the essential hardware of freedom." He rightly urges the U.S. to ease restrictions on the export of such equipment to communist lands, since it will serve the ruled better than the rulers.

While the collapse of communism made for some great visuals in '89, it is worth remembering that the third industrial revolution can cut both ways, complicating the lives of American Presidents as well as communist leaders. To the fury of Lyndon Johnson, TV brought the Viet Nam War home to the U.S. and hastened its humiliating end. Some former advisers to Ronald Reagan suspect he might have stuck by Ferdinand Marcos in 1986 had it not been for the extensive and sympathetic coverage of People Power.

But most of the signals with which the U.S. bombards the planet transmit not news but pop culture. Hollywood has more influence on the Third World than does Washington. The barrios of Latin America bristle with antennas. There are VCRs in rural India, satellite dishes around the slums of the Caribbean and in northern Mexico. In some parts of the world, the poor and desperate can ponder the lifestyles of the rich and silly on *Dynasty.* The experience teaches viewers more than English. It can make for an explosive combination of envy, hatred and determination to break out of wretched surroundings, or to burn them down.

Everywhere on earth, tantalizing, sometimes infuriating images keep coming from that oblong metal plaque. But Orwell was right about one thing: there is no way of shutting it off. ■

SOVIET UNION

Cutting the Party Line

Moscow sweats to keep control

"The present Communist Party and state leadership will not permit the breakup of the federal state." With that harsh comment on the Lithuanian party's decision to break with Moscow, Mikhail Gorbachev laid down the limit on Soviet political reform. After months of acquiescence while communist parties across Eastern Europe went their own way, Gorbachev made it clear that a similar move by any of the 15 republics of the U.S.S.R. would be considered "illegitimate." No group had yet dared to defy Moscow in this way, and Gorbachev let his anger show. "If we cross this line," he declared in a voice shaking with emotion, "then we can be said to be deliberately aiming at the breaking up of the Soviet Union."

The dilemma for Gorbachev is an excruciating one. He has been spearheading internal democratization while struggling to keep reform, especially in the Baltic States, from spinning out of control. Two weeks ago, the Lithuanian party declared its independence from Moscow and, to save itself, lined up with the republic's strong separatist movement. Earlier last month, the Lithuanian parliament voted to abolish the party's constitutionally guaranteed monopoly on power—a move Kremlin leaders have been resisting on the national level. Just last week the Latvian parliament followed its neighbor in eliminating the Communist Party's unique leading role. Lithuanian party leader Algirdas Brazauskas organized the breach with Moscow to shore up credibility before local elections on Feb. 24. "Without these changes," he said, "our party will lack the appeal necessary to guarantee its existence."

But the crack in party solidarity so alarmed the Kremlin that it called an emergency session of the Central Committee to address the threat. Party conservatives demanded a tough response to discourage other communist parties from seceding. After two days of bitter but inconclusive debate, the plenum was temporarily suspended until Gorbachev returned from a visit to Lithuania to make a personal appeal to party leaders.

Lithuanian communists seemed relieved that the crisis had been postponed, but showed no signs of changing course. If Gorbachev's personal diplomacy fails to heal the rift, he will be faced with a fierce and potentially explosive test of his promise of political reform. "Moscow doesn't really have any options," said a Western diplomat. "Short of force, there isn't much it can do to stop this." ■

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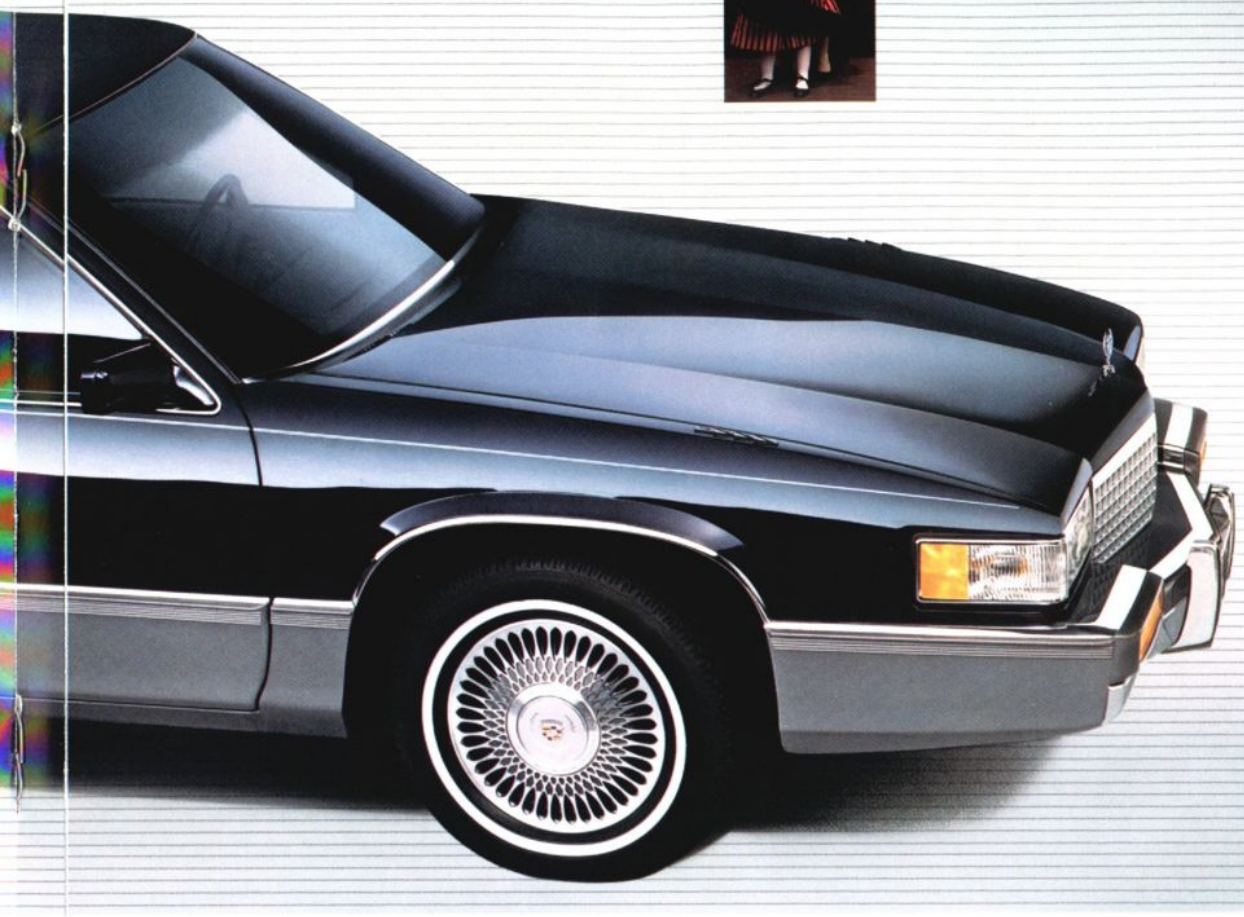

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World Notes

ISRAEL

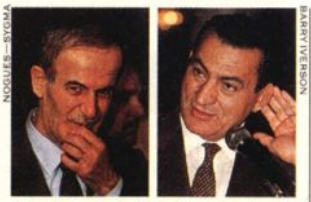
The Outspoken Pilgrim

He called it a Christmas pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But Archbishop Desmond Tutu has never allowed his religious calling to prevent him from actively engaging in politics in South Africa, his home, and he behaved no differently abroad. To the studied discomfort of the Israeli government, which maintains close ties to Pretoria, Tutu used his visit to the Jewish state to air some outspokenly pro-Palestinian views.

He voiced support for "the struggle of the Palestinians to have a Palestinian state," implicitly backing the two-year-old *intifadeh*. He spoke of "worrisome parallels" between conditions in the Israeli-occupied territories and South Africa's black townships. And he outraged Jewish sensibilities by urging Israelis to forgive those responsible for the Holocaust. Most Israeli officials declined to meet with Tutu, accusing him of harboring anti-Jewish prejudices. Protestors scrawled "black Nazi pig" on the wall of the church where Tutu was staying. Said the Archbishop: "If I am accused of being anti-Semitic, tough luck." ■

RICKI ROSEN—PICTURE GROUP

Pro-Palestinian views: Tutu, center, visits a Jerusalem mosque



NOGUES—SYGMA HARRY BENSON

Together again: Assad and Mubarak

MIDDLE EAST

Time Heals Most Wounds

Syria led the Arab chorus of condemnation when Egypt began peace negotiations with Israel, breaking off diplomatic relations shortly after Anwar Sadat's visit to Jerusalem in 1977, two years before the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty was signed. And Syria remained the most stubborn holdout until last week, when Damascus and Cairo announced that the two countries would resume relations after a twelve-year hiatus. The restored ties will be celebrated sometime in January at a meeting between Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak and Syrian President Hafez Assad. One possibly helpful result of their détente: a moderation in Syrian opposition to current Middle East peace initiatives.

Syria thus becomes the next to last of the 17 Arab countries to welcome Egypt back into the fold. In recent months, Assad has felt increasingly isolated, especially after the Soviet Union served notice that it would no longer support his aim of strategic parity with Israel. Now only Libya lacks diplomatic relations with Egypt, but even Tripoli is making an attempt to smooth its dealings with Cairo: last October Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi paid his first visit to Egypt in 16 years to meet with Mubarak. By all accounts the session was businesslike but amicable. ■

AUSTRALIA

First Time Unlucky

For 15 long seconds the ground shook. Buildings crumbled, cars were flattened, at least ten people were killed, and some 120 were injured. The first major earthquake to hit an Australian city struck the New South Wales port of Newcastle, 100 miles north of Sydney, at 10:28 a.m. last Thursday. Said one resident: "It felt like there was someone under my bedroom floor who lifted the house."

Australians were caught off guard by the quake's intensity, though it measured only 5.5 on the Richter scale, vs. 7.1 for the tremor that rocked San Francisco Oct. 17. The principal damage occurred in the heart of the city of 430,000, where the Newcastle Workers' Club collapsed, trapping staff members and morning bingo players. Emergency personnel were flown from Sydney to help with rescue efforts, but by week's end the city was still crippled. Preliminary estimates set the cost of the destruction at more than $1 billion. ■

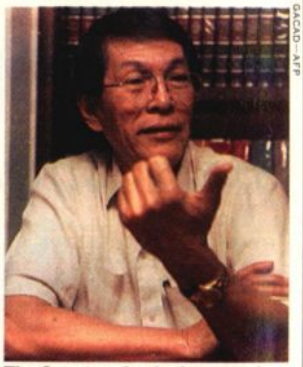
WAYDE MC GUIRE—AP

The collapsed club building

THE PHILIPPINES

Enrile Is Charged

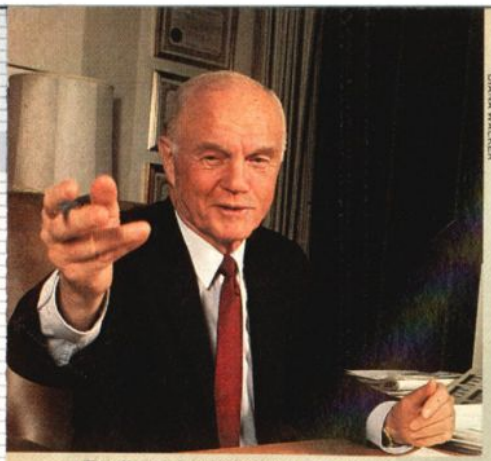
After barely surviving an attempted coup in December, President Corazon Aquino promised to take vigorous action against her foes. But with the military renegades who vied to overthrow her safely underground, she has had trouble finding an enemy to get tough with. Last week, however, the President squared off against Juan Ponce Enrile, the lone opposition member of the Senate and a Defense Minister under Ferdinand Marcos. Enrile had been Aquino's nemesis ever since their brief political alliance broke up acrimoniously in November 1986. At that time, soldiers linked to Enrile had reportedly tried to stage a coup against the government.



GACAD—AFP

The Senator: Aquino's nemesis

In Manila last week the National Bureau of Investigation charged Enrile with rebellion, which carries a penalty of up to twelve years. According to the bureau, Enrile was said to have been seen with mutineers on the day the December coup attempt began. One of those reportedly observed by three waiters who were catering a meal at Enrile's suburban residence: Gregorio ("Gringo") Honasan, a leader of the rebellion and Enrile's erstwhile security chief. The Senator has denied the allegations and said the government was "clutching at straws." He added, "I welcome the opportunity to face up to this problem so we can settle it once and for all." ■



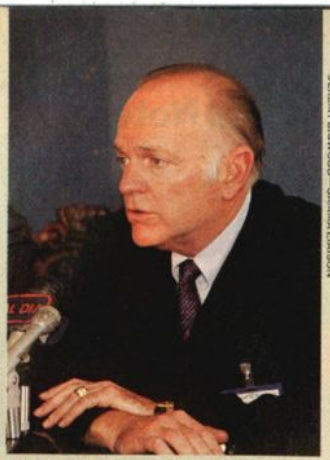
DIANA WALKER

Tending to business in Washington

Senator John Glenn

The first American to orbit the earth, he still attracts sympathetic crowds in Ohio. He tried to extricate himself from the Keating Five on national TV: "We are not five peas in a pod."

Up for re-election: 1992



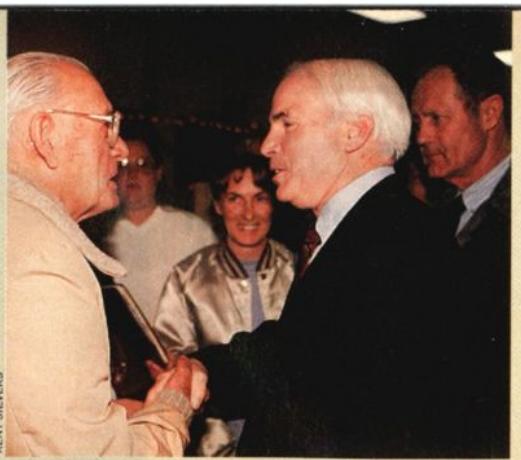
JEREMY BIGWOOD—GAMMA LIAISON

Fact finding in El Salvador

Senator Dennis DeConcini

DUMP DECONCINI bumper stickers have sprouted, and his approval rating has fallen below 40%. The Arizona *Republic* blasts him regularly. Sample: "Stifle it, Dennis, nobody's listening to your whining."

Up for re-election: 1994



KENT SIEVERS

After a grilling at Arizona's Wickenburg *Sun*

Senator John McCain

He has taken the full hangout road, telling anyone who will listen that while he was once friends with Keating, he broke it off. He says being a POW for five years was easier than this: "The Vietnamese did not question my credibility."

Up for re-election: 1992

Seven Sorry Senators

A tidal wave of ethics cases may boost campaign-finance reform

BY MARGARET CARLSON

It may be unique in the annals of excuses for leaving the bride at the altar. California Senator Alan Cranston, 75, indefinitely postponed his Christmas Eve wedding to real estate broker Cathy Pattiz, 49, on account of the turmoil caused by his receipt of $850,000 from Charles Keating, the former owner of Lincoln Savings and Loan. "When the press pounced upon us before we filled out the marriage-license forms, it became clear to me that this is not an appropriate time to start a marriage," said Cranston, who has started two marriages before. "It would not be fair to Cathy to bring her into the middle of a stressful situation."

Cranston's love life is the latest casualty of the Keating Affair, named for the high-flying owner of Lincoln S&L. Federal investigators charge Keating with looting his bank of millions of dollars while driving it $2.5 billion into debt. When Cranston returns to Washington next week, he will be one of an unprecedented seven Senators—the so-called Keating Five plus two others—facing investigation by the Senate ethics committee. If the past session of Congress was a nightmare for the House of Representatives, with the resignations of Speaker Jim Wright and Majority Whip Tony Coelho and the launching of twelve other ethics investigations, this session promises to be even worse for the Senate.

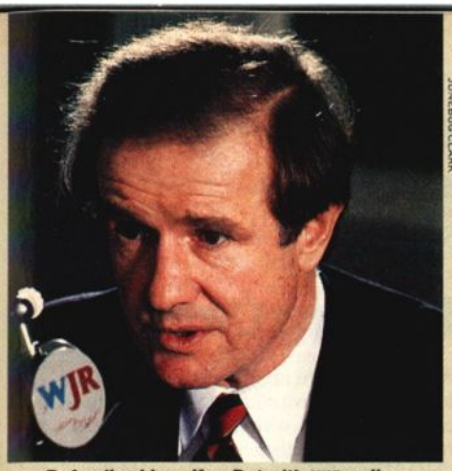
For company, Democrat Cranston has the four other colleagues who with him received a total of nearly $1.4 million from Keating: Democrats John Glenn of Ohio, Donald Riegle of Michigan and Dennis DeConcini of Arizona, and Republican John McCain of Arizona. The two other Senators mired in their own scandals are Republicans Dave Durenberger of Minnesota and Alfonse D'Amato of New York.

Durenberger's transgressions involve much less money than those laid to the Keating Five, but they are just as seamy. In 1985 Durenberger found himself strapped for cash. His marriage was breaking up, and he had four sons to send to college. That year and the next, he collected a total of $100,000 through the book-promotion deal, more than double the Senate's $46,000 limit on honorariums. His aides told groups to send their checks to Piranha Press, the Minnesota publisher of his two books. Piranha passed the money along to him as a "stipend" for promotional work.

At the same time, Durenberger was drumming up speaking engagements in Boston to coincide with visits there to a marriage counselor, so he would not have to pay for the trips out of his pocket. Although these arrangements were disclosed last year, Durenberger still fought his way through a re-election campaign, refusing to discuss his finances. He won with 56% of the vote.

But allegations continued to trickle out. Last month the Minneapolis *Star Tribune* reported that since 1983, Durenberger had charged the Senate nearly $10,000 for rental of a condominium he had owned, which he used while in the state. To justify the reimbursements, Durenberger transferred title on the condo to a partnership he set up with a local businessman; the partnership billed the rent. The new deed was drawn up in mid-1984 but backdated to July 1983, when Durenberger began claiming the expenses.

Senate rules are intentionally as expandable as a hot-air balloon. Nevertheless, there is a point of rupture, and Durenberger must have sensed he was getting close with the latest disclosures. Over the Christmas recess, Durenberger broke his yearlong silence on his financial sleights of hand. "I have let you down," he told con-



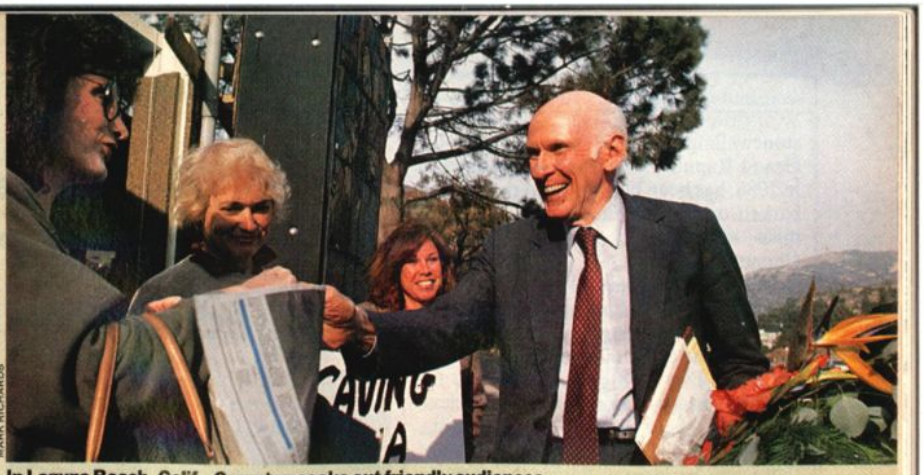
JUNEBUG CLARK

Defending himself on Detroit's WJR radio

Senator Donald Riegle

His Keating performance has been labeled "Nixonian" by the Michigan press. The Detroit *News* called for him to step down as Senate banking chairman until the ethics investigation is completed.

Up for re-election: 1994



MARK RICHARDS

In Laguna Beach, Calif., Cranston seeks out friendly audiences

Senator Alan Cranston

He has been hampered by continuing ties to Keating and blasted by elderly constituents whose life savings were wiped out by questionable Lincoln bond sales. His political prospects look bleak. The FBI is investigating Keating "soft money" contributions funneled through Cranston to nonpartisan voter-registration groups suspected of targeting Democrats only.

Up for re-election: 1992

stituents in a radio address apologizing for "the disappointment and embarrassment I have caused." Abiding technically by the Senate rules, he admitted, "isn't the end of my obligation to Minnesotans."

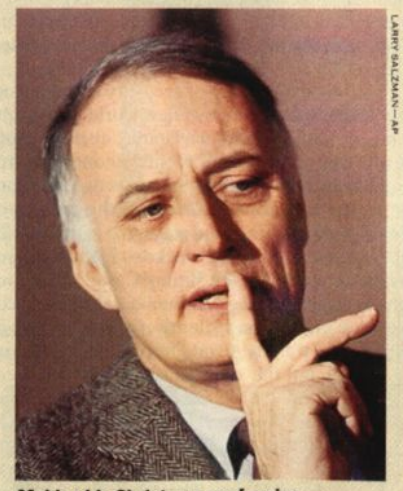
It may not be the end of his obligation to the Senate either. Skirting the limits on outside income through a publishing deal was a major factor in Wright's resignation from the House last June. The other charges against Durenberger are embarrassing to the Senate because they reveal some of the many ways in which a Senator can play by different rules from those for the rest of the citizenry.

Different rules have long applied to Alfonse D'Amato, whose political strength in New York made him seemingly invulnerable to a string of allegations about influence peddling. Now some 20 possible ethical violations are being looked into by outside counsel at the Senate's behest. The counsel will look at telephone calls D'Amato made to then U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani in 1984 and 1985. D'Amato reportedly urged Giuliani to review the charges or sentences against two convicted mobsters, Paul Castellano, reputed head of the Gambino family (since murdered), and Mario Gigante, brother of the reputed boss of the Genovese family. The committee will also look for D'Amato's fingerprints on numerous grants awarded by the Department of Housing and Urban Development in New York and Puerto Rico.

The Durenberger and D'Amato affairs have yet to hit the public like the Keating Five, who have become symbols of the nation's $300 billion savings and loan crash. In 1987 the five Senators met in secret with Federal Home Loan Bank Board chairman Edwin Gray to urge him to conclude an investigation of Lincoln S&L. Gray later called the meeting "tantamount to an attempt to subvert the regulatory process." It has become a scandal everyone can understand and get angry about: a taxpayer could get a feel for what the government bailout of Lincoln alone will cost him by taking a $10 bill out of his wallet and tearing it up.

The five Senators are busy offering explanations and excuses, even when that means pointing fingers at one another. McCain has accused Riegle of trying to "throw reporters off his scent" by pointing the finger at McCain. So wary is Riegle of McCain, the *Wall Street Journal* reported, that he burst into McCain's mail room in November to retrieve his misdirected response to the Senate ethics committee, which presumably would have given away his defense strategy.

Initially, Riegle's strategy was to claim he had no ties to Keating—until he was confronted with them. Riegle failed to disclose, for instance, that he had made a solo visit to Keating's empire, including a helicopter ride to survey the Phoenician Resort in Arizona in 1987. The Senator's



LARRY SALZMAN—AP

Making his Christmas confession

Senator Dave Durenberger

Admitting he was strapped for cash, he broke his silence and apologized to Minnesotans for his questionable book deal, billing the Senate for his condo and getting special interests to pay for personal trips.

Up for re-election: 1994

MARY ALLEN

He never complains, never explains

Senator Alfonse D'Amato

New York's fixer routinely stonewalls reporters about his calls on behalf of mobsters and getting HUD grants for contributors. The ethics committee will want better answers.

Up for re-election: 1992

stonewalling has hurt him enough (the Grand Rapids *Press,* which endorsed him in 1988, has been blasting him) that he embarked on a whirlwind of talk shows and town meetings in Michigan over the Christmas recess.

Glenn will always have his Mercury space flight to fall back on. Polls in Ohio show that his popularity remains high, despite what he calls "the toughest, most vexing thing I've ever gone through in my life." He broke from the pack on a television talk show in November, saying, "We're not five peas in a pod." He claims that when he learned during the meeting with bank-board chairman Gray that Keating could be criminally charged, he backed off. "I folded my tent. I did nothing more," Glenn told TIME.

McCain's strategy has been to apologize again and again, perhaps because he has more than campaign contributions to apologize for. He had to reimburse Keating for $13,000 for trips he and his family took, including vacations to the Bahamas, on Keating's corporate jet. He was the only other Senator to appear with Glenn on *This Week with David Brinkley* and, like Glenn, he broke off relations with Keating once he learned of the criminal investigation. Arizona's other Senator seems to be in more trouble: in congressional testimony, Gray identified DeConcini as the host of the 1987 meeting and the Senator who made Keating's case for him.

Cranston has fared worst in the scandal, in part because elderly investors in California have publicly blamed him for having their life savings wiped out by questionable Lincoln bond sales. Cranston also took the most money from Keating and maintained contact with him after learning of the criminal investigation. At an appearance in Santa Ana, frail, diabetic bondholder Shirley Lampel bored in on the Senator: "Keating said he bought something from you for all his money. What do you think you sold him?" A Mervyn Field poll shows a striking reversal of Cranston's popularity, from a 64% approval rating pre-Keating to 33% now. Moreover, 62% told Field they are not inclined to vote for Cranston if he should seek reelection in 1992.

Finally, Congress may be sufficiently worried about its reputation to consider reforming the way money buys access on Capitol Hill. Campaign-finance reform, always a tough sell, has even attracted the support of so unlikely a backer as D'Amato. Still, no one is holding his breath. In November, with the seven Senators already sliding toward ethics investigations, the Senate refused even to join the House in accepting new restrictions on outside income. ***—Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles and Nancy Traver/Washington***

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Freedom's Multi-Ring Circus

Colonel John Bourgeois and the U.S. Marine Band are up to speed on the national anthems for Poland and Rumania, but they have some polishing to do on Hungary, East Germany, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and, who knows, maybe Albania. The way things are going, figures director Bourgeois, the leaders of those nations will sooner or later show up at the White House for a state function, and the President's own band will have to tootle them down the red carpet.

All over Washington, savvy men like Bourgeois are changing old rituals and recasting attitudes for the future rushing in on them. It is a future, says *Foreign Affairs* editor William Hyland, that will present a more unusual challenge to the President than any "since Harry Truman in 1945."

When George Bush took office about a year ago, he could look around at a tidy club of democratic, market-oriented friends staring across a wall at a bunch of backyard bullies. The wall fell down, the bullies were chased off, and now everybody wants into George's club.

MSGT. ANDREW LINDEN—U.S. MARINE BAND

The Marine Band: polishing up some little-used anthems

"We've got a freedom circus going on over here," declares Treasury's Deputy Secretary John Robson, an Administration coordinator for East European aid. "But it is a lot more than three rings." The arrival and departure of delegations on economic planning, marketing, trade and technical expertise are expected to rise geometrically in the next year or so. Treasury and the stodgy old Department of Commerce could be as important in this new world as the Pentagon was in the last one.

Spies, arms merchants, nuclear strategists are "out" in this capital, which wickedly records such events. Economists, trade wizards, industrial planners, tariff analysts and venture capitalists are in demand. So are people with deep knowledge of the culture and history of the nations now changing their political and economic systems. "In some ways this is like the Europe of 1914, and we need people with a sense of history," declares Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger. Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy Carter's National Security Adviser, insists that anyone with a knowledge of Rumania and Poland could have foretold that change would come to one nation violently, the other more in peace.

From the Oval Office Bush will see not the scarred proletariat leaders of the old era, not the stout peasants who survived Nazi tanks, but lawyers, scientists, writers and an assortment of creative malcontents. Few will be easy to please, and none will be impressed by the Sixth Fleet. Around the White House winded staffers are predicting that Bush will want to meet them all, and if they don't find their way to Pennsylvania Avenue, he will drop in on them.

Even Henry Kissinger talks with reverence and, perhaps, envy when he views this swirling epoch. "This will be a truly historic presidency," Kissinger says. Just back from Hamburg, where he met with scholars and thinkers from both East and West Europe, Kissinger was fascinated with the difference. "The West Europeans were pragmatic," he relates; "the East Europeans were elemental, emotional, very moving in their idealism. We just can't mumble to them." What better tutor in this changing world than Thomas Jefferson, who long ago counseled, "We are not to expect to be translated from despotism to liberty in a feather bed." ■

Medfly Madness

A pesky insect has Southern California up in arms

The tiny, blue-eyed Mediterranean fruit fly has a way of provoking political distemper in California. In 1981, amid a furor over spraying to control a 1,400-sq.-mi. outbreak, the director of the California Conservation Corps flamboyantly swallowed and survived a big—albeit heavily diluted—mouthful of the insecticide Malathion to demonstrate its safety. Nothing quite so theatrical has been attempted during the latest medfly visitation, which began five months ago. But state food and agriculture department officials responsible for the anti-medfly campaign have stood under a drizzle of the pesticide showering from a helicopter. Unconvinced, some irate citizens are barring their children from local playgrounds, covering up their pools and beehives and, in some cases, moving out of their houses to motels.

To stop the bugs, the food and agriculture department has ordered a series of further aerial sprayings of Malathion over a 270-sq.-mi. area of Los Angeles and Orange counties. Beginning this week, 28 communities with a total population of 1 million will be sprayed by low-flying helicopters. If the plan runs its course, there will be a total of eight to twelve treatments over the next five months.

DAVID SCHARF

Close-up view of a fruit fly

Once again they were bugging Los Angeles.

Malathion spraying, the agency argues, is a necessary supplement to "biotechnical control," which consists of releasing 140 million sterile male medflies weekly into infested areas to disrupt the insects' prodigious reproduction. Malathion, state officials insist, is the mildest available pesticide. Though the chemical is toxic to the skin and respiratory system in concentrated doses, officials say, it is quite harmless in the diluted (2.8 ounces per acre) form used in spraying.

The stepped-up spraying touched off a political uproar. The Los Angeles City Council unanimously asked the state to conduct further studies and examine alternatives. Moaned Los Angeles County Supervisor Ed Edelman: "Once, twice, O.K. People will accept that. But twelve times? I question what the health effects might be."

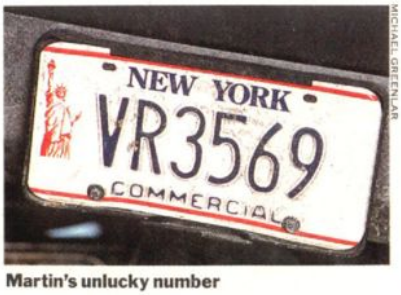
Opponents, organized into a Coalition Against Urban Spraying, argue that some academic and foreign research shows that Malathion is a potential carcinogen—a claim the state adamantly rejects. "The opposition so far is just a small dose of what's coming," warns David Bunn, a local leader of the environmental group Pesticide Watch. The most bizarre protest of all has been a letter to Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley and local newspapers, sent by an ecoterrorist organization calling itself the Breeders, which claimed to be breeding and releasing its own medflies. The organization's alleged purpose: to render the medfly problem "unmanageable" and Malathion spraying "financially intolerable." Last week attorneys for the antispraying coalition filed a legal challenge against the state with the Environmental Protection Agency, claiming that the spraying is illegal under federal law and demanding a public hearing on the issue. —*By Jordan Bonfante/Los Angeles*

Grapevine

THE GREENING OF A BEST SELLER. If further proof were needed that ecoconsciousness is skyrocketing, consider the case of *50 Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth,* a slim paperback book that provides its reader with tips on how to protect the environment. Published in November by Berkeley's EarthWorks Press, the book had a first printing of 26,000 copies, which sold out within days. The 75,000 copies from the second and third printings are also being quickly gobbled up. The only obstacle to even larger printings: author John Javna will only allow the book to be printed on recycled paper, a scarce commodity in bulk quantity.

Javna's tome

MERRY CHRISTMAS, ZELL. In an expansive holiday mood, outgoing Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young sent some truly memorable Christmas cards to his constituents this year—at the expense of the taxpayers. The place-mat-size cards (9½ in. by 14 in.) featured a cluttered montage of Atlanta scenes and a handsome portrait of Young with the caption "Municipal Leader of the Year, 1989," an honor bestowed upon him last year by *American City & County* magazine. Among the 1,500 Christmas card recipients: Lieutenant Governor Zell Miller, an opponent of Young's in this year's Democratic Party gubernatorial primary. Citing the $2,500 cost of the mailing, Miller thundered, "If this man is elected Governor, what will he send out in 1991? A billboard?"

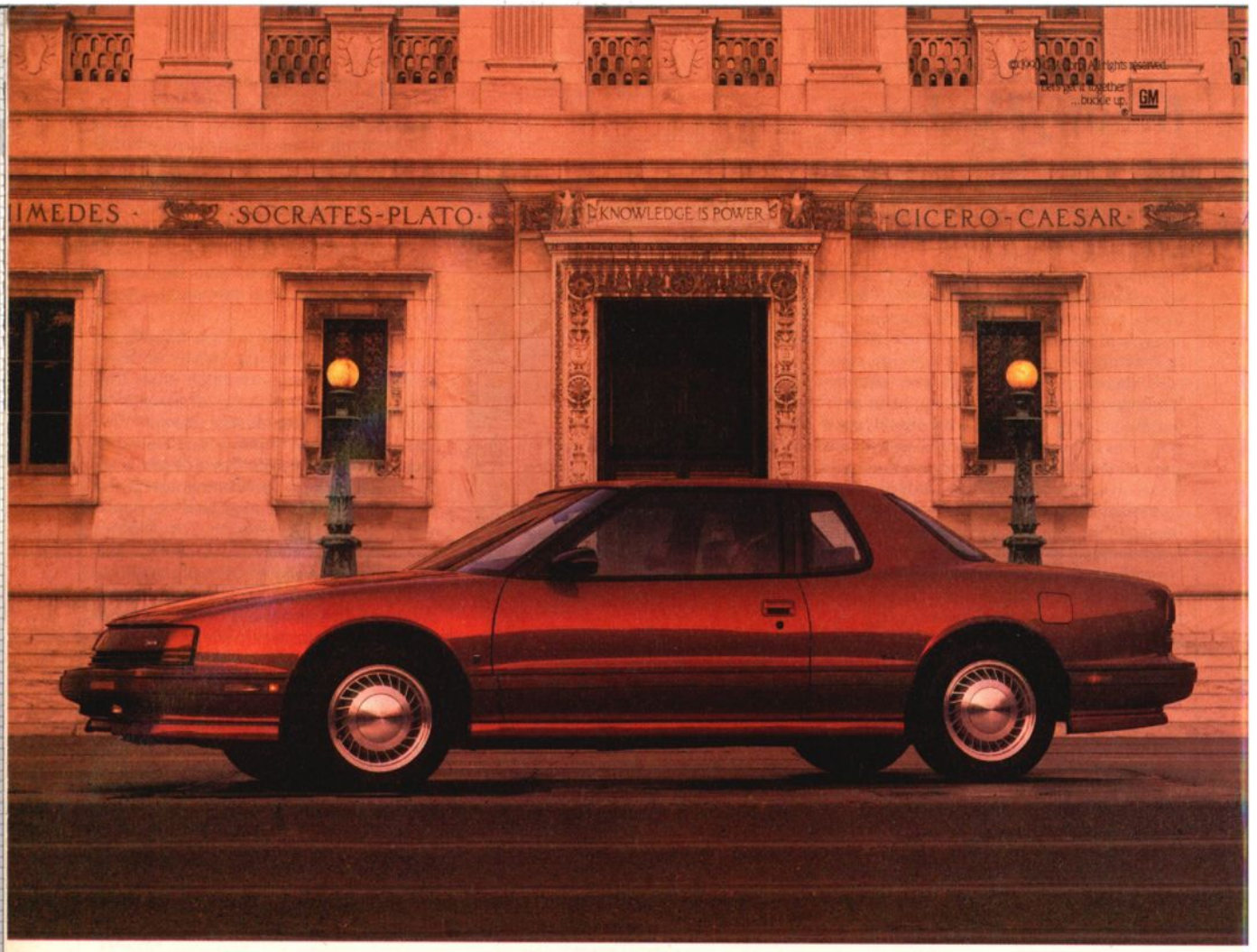


MICHAEL GREENLAR

Martin's unlucky number

CASTRO COURTS JERUSALEM. With the Soviet Union squirming about the $5.5 billion annual cost of subsidizing his revolution, Fidel Castro has recently become less picky about his trading partners. Of late, he has been reaching out to Israel. "We have a lot in common," says a Havana official of the more pragmatic approach his country is taking toward the Middle East. "Both we and the Israelis have been isolated, independent and tough." Geopolitics notwithstanding, the real appeal for the Castro government is Israel's expertise in agriculture. Cuba desperately needs to boost its citrus and seafood production. Both are major export items.

HIS NUMBER WAS UP. The truck in which ex–Yankee skipper Billy Martin was killed last week bore the license plate VR3569. Two days later, after a photograph of the tag was published by Gotham tabloids, so many people selected 3569 in the New York State Win-4 lottery that by noon lottery-machine operators had to suspend play on those numbers. ■



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American Notes

HOMICIDE

Another Bloody Year

If the U.S. is fighting a war on drugs, drugs appear to be winning. In at least seven major cities, new homicide records were set in 1989, in some cases breaking standards established only twelve months ago, and many of the killings were drug-related. New York City, as usual, had the most murders—1,773 by late November, 19 more than in 1988—though less than the record 1,896 reached in 1988. Washington, D.C., led the list on a per capita basis, with at least 433 killings for its population of 629,000, vs. 369 murders last year. Philadelphia; New Orleans; Kansas City, Mo.; Milwaukee; Charlotte, N.C.; and New Haven have also logged record numbers of slayings.

Experts almost unanimously blame drugs for the homicide surge. "What's different now than in the late '70s and early '80s?," asks New York Assistant Police Chief Raymond Kelly. "Crack." ■

DRUGS

A Tighter Noose

Last September President Bush vowed to enlist the armed forces in preventing illegal drugs from being smuggled into the U.S. Recently, he approved plans to station a naval task force off the Caribbean coast of Colombia to monitor sea and air traffic. The task force might consist of an aircraft carrier, up to eight support vessels, and E-2C Hawkeye aircraft equipped with sophisticated radar that can track hundreds of planes at a time. Rather than shoot down suspected smugglers, the force would observe planes flying in or out of Colombia and notify Colombian authorities or the U.S. Coast Guard and Customs Service of the smugglers' whereabouts. If Colombia agrees to cooperate, the task force could begin operations within months. ■

JOE PATRONITE—DALLAS TIMES HERALD

A real cop, left, and cardboard crime fighters

DALLAS

Police Presence

Borrowing an idea from British police who noted a decline in shoplifting when life-size cutouts of bobbies were placed in stores, three Kroger food stores in Dallas have installed "scarecrooks" in high-theft areas on their shopping floors. Under each 6-ft. cardboard cutout is the slogan SHOPLIFTING IS A CRIME. Though no would-be thief is likely to mistake the cardboard coppers for the real thing, the cutouts help convey the message that pilfering is illegal. Says Kroger security director Charlie Tyner, "It's a startling way to say the same old thing." ■

TONY RANZE—THE LEDGER

Man on a mission: A Klan crusader in Lakeland

FLORIDA

Kracking Down On Crack

The Ku Klux Klan's quest for respectability has taken a new turn in Lakeland, Fla. Since last spring, members of local klaverns have been on a "Krush Krack Kokaine" campaign, patrolling the streets for evidence against suspected drug dealers. Though authorities say they welcome all tips, the Klan angered blacks by posing as police officers when they detained two black women, one of whom turned out to be a cop impersonating a hooker. Says Earl Shinhoster, southern regional director of the N.A.A.C.P.: "Any way you look at it, it still spells K.K.K." ■

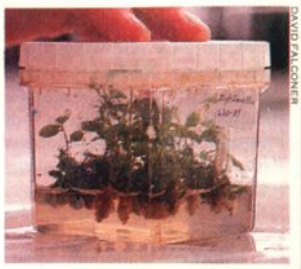
TREES

Made for The Shade

For centuries, magnificent elm trees graced the streets of American towns and cities, providing shade for all and inspiration for such writers as Eugene O'Neill *(Desire Under the Elms)*. But since the 1930s, Dutch elm disease, spread by a pest called the elm bark beetle, has wiped out more than 100 million of the leafy giants. Now elms may be poised for a welcome return.

That hope springs from at least two major scientific efforts to develop elms more resistant to Dutch elm disease. Within the next two years, the National Arboretum in Washington will distribute to nurseries several new varieties of elms that are less vulnerable to the Dutch elm disease fungus. Researchers believe that the new elms will be able to thrive even in the polluted conditions found in many cities.

In Harrisville, N.H., the Elm Research Institute has funded a project headed by Dr. Eugene Smalley of the University of Wisconsin to come up with a hardier elm. The tree is called the American Liberty Elm (after a famed Massachusetts tree under which George Washington purportedly took command of the Continental Army in 1775). The American Liberty has a smaller cell structure that prevents Dutch elm disease from spreading through the tree's vascular system. So far, Elm Research has distributed 75,000 of the new trees for prices ranging from $2 to $5 each, a good start on its target of 1 million by the turn of the century. Says John Hansel, the institute's director and founder: "We will start seeing some beautiful streets again in ten years." ■



DAVID FALCONER

Elm plants in an Oregon lab

Clearly, the Team of the Decade

After a 14-2 season, the 49ers set their sights on the Super Bowl

BY LEE GRIGGS

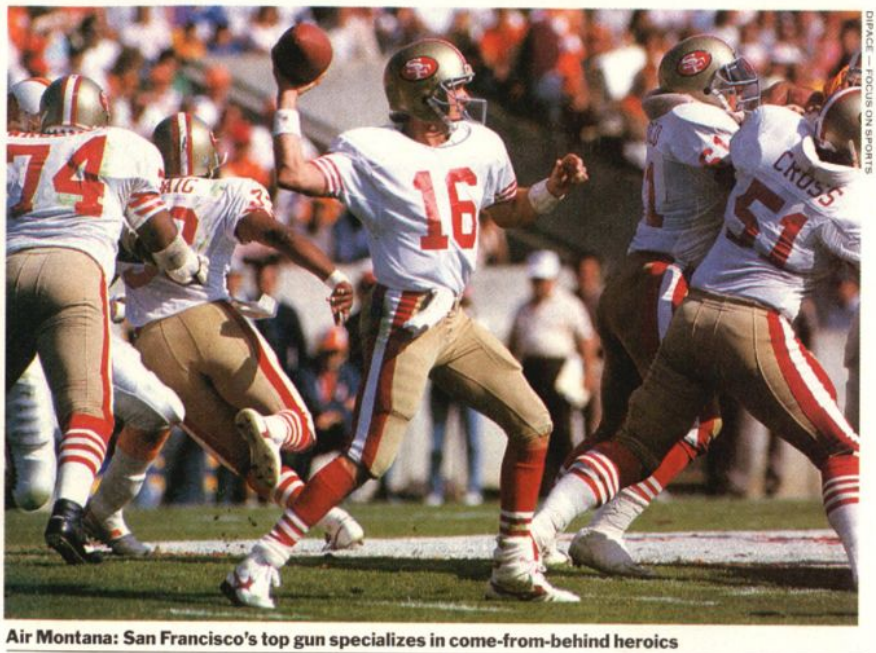
Hard-core football fans remember decades by the teams that dominated them. In the 1960s Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers ruled the National Football League, winning five championships. The 1970s belonged to the Pittsburgh Steelers, with their four Super Bowl titles. Now, at the close of the 1980s, the N.F.L.'s team of the decade is clearly the San Francisco 49ers. Winners of seven divisional titles and three Super Bowls since 1981, they are favored on Jan. 28 to win their fourth Vince Lombardi Trophy in Super Bowl XXIV in New Orleans.

This season, despite a rash of injuries, the 49ers have remained the classiest act in the league. And they have done so without the guidance of longtime head coach Bill Walsh, who retired from active coaching last January after ten successful years at the helm. "Basically, we're building on what Bill's accomplished," says George Seifert, 49, Walsh's former defensive coordinator, who has replaced him in the top job. "We're polishing, fine tuning here and there, solidifying basics, the kinds of things you do when you inherit a world champion."

Seifert's leadership style is very different from his predecessor's—and may produce even better results. Under the cerebral and distant Walsh, the 49ers were sometimes tense and tight. Seifert has more camaraderie with his players. "George is a player's coach," says tackle Harris Barton. "You never knew what Bill was thinking." Star quarterback Joe Montana, who occasionally found it hard to get along with Walsh, describes the change as a "breath of fresh air." Under Seifert's tutelage, the 49ers have compiled a league-leading 14-2 record, making him the winningest first-year head coach in N.F.L. history. They also lead the N.F.L. in total offense and points scored. On defense, the 49ers rank a strong fourth.

The key to the 49ers' success is Montana, 33, who has overcome elbow, knee and rib injuries to play the greatest season of his career. In 1989 the former Notre Dame star threw for 26 touchdowns and set a new pass-efficiency rating record of 112.41 (a calculation based on completions, yards gained, number of touchdowns and number of interceptions). His completion percentage of 70.2% brought his career mark to 63.9%, highest in N.F.L. history.

Dazzling as they are, those statistics cannot begin to convey the uncanny grace with which Montana has led his team to half a dozen come-from-behind victories this season. Against Philadelphia on Sept. 24, for example, he threw four touchdown passes in the fourth quarter to turn a 21-10 half-time deficit into a 38-28 win. He put in an even more dramatic performance against Los Angeles on Dec. 11. With the 49ers trailing the Rams 27-10 and only a shade over ten minutes left to play, Montana first threw a touchdown pass to Mike Wilson, then dumped a slant pass to wide receiver John Taylor, who shook four tacklers and dashed for a 95-yd. touchdown. Less than three minutes later, All-Pro halfback Roger Craig scored on a 1-yd. plunge to give San Francisco a 30-27 victory. Said Rams Coach John Robinson of Montana: "I just think he's the best quarterback who ever played the game."



DIPACE — FOCUS ON SPORTS

Air Montana: San Francisco's top gun specializes in come-from-behind heroics

"I just think he's the best quarterback who ever played the game."

Montana counters such accolades with disarming modesty. "I'm fortunate to be on a great team," he says. "You can't have great success unless you have a solid, dedicated bunch of players behind you. We keep pecking away with our possession-type offense, taking what the other side gives us. It's nothing special. Other quarterbacks are stronger and faster than I am." True enough—Denver's John Elway, Miami's Dan Marino and Philadelphia's Randall Cunningham all have more natural talent—but no one uses his abilities as effectively. "Joe may not be the best in any one category," says Bill Walsh. "But when you take all the categories together, I think he's the best of our time."

In addition to Montana's prowess, much of the 49ers' success can be attributed to the morale-boosting perks provided by owner Edward DeBartolo Jr. Until this season the 49ers were the only team in the league to fly to away games in roomy wide-body jets, giving players space to stretch and move about in. They are still the only team to billet all players one to a room on the road. DeBartolo lavishes long-stemmed roses and expensive gifts on players' wives. "It's first class all the way," says tight end Brent Jones, "like we're an extended version of his family."

Will the 49ers tower over the '90s as they have over the past decade? A victory in the New Orleans Superdome later this month would start them on their way. True, they must first clear the play-off hurdles, but their outlook is promising. Grouped with New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Minnesota, the 49ers have already beaten the first three this year, and they routed the Vikings in last year's play-offs. According to professional bookmakers, the most likely Super Bowl pairing would pit the 49ers against the Denver Broncos, with Montana and Co. favored by 10 points. ■

Reach Out and Tape Someone

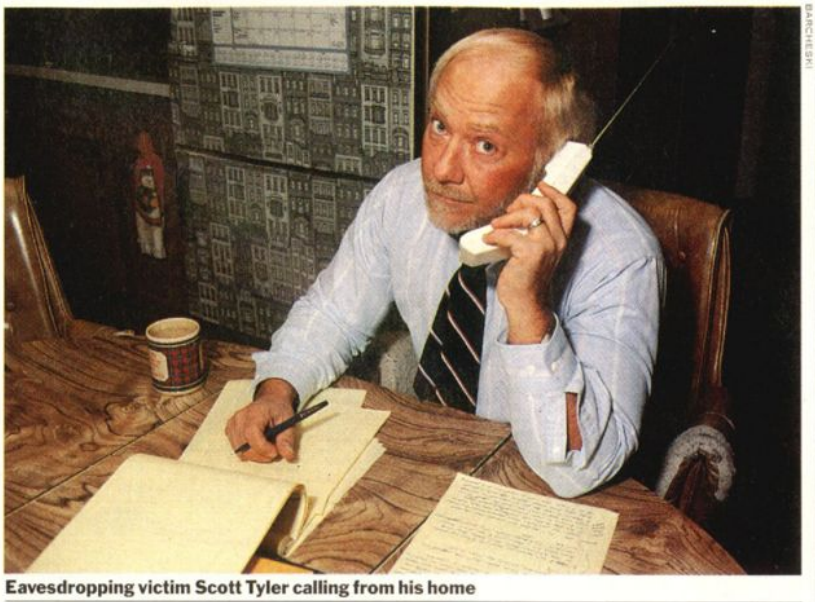
A federal lawsuit seeks privacy protection for cordless phones

Don't talk about good neighbors to Scott Tyler—especially on the telephone. First two of his neighbors in Dixon, Iowa, accidentally eavesdropped on his private telephone calls. Then, mistakenly believing Tyler was discussing drug deals, they informed the county sheriff's office. Supplied by an investigator with recording equipment, the neighbors proceeded to tape more than 20 cassettes of Tyler's phone conversations over the next few months. Although they never turned up a shred of evidence about drug sales, the tapes did help raise suspicion about some illegal personal business dealings.

In 1984 Tyler was tried and convicted for theft and conspiracy, and served four months behind bars. Refusing to let the matter end there, however, he slapped a $53 million suit on the two neighbors and the county for intercepting and recording his private conversations without a search warrant.

If Tyler had been using a conventional telephone, his case would probably have been solid. Unfortunately for him, the phone was a cordless model. Not only did that allow his neighbors to intercept his communications—unwittingly at first—on their own cordless unit, it apparently left him with virtually no legal protection. Citing precedents from other cases, two lower federal courts ruled that it was not necessary to obtain a warrant before surreptitiously listening to cordless phone conversations. Congress reached the same conclusion in 1986, specifically refusing to impose a warrant requirement on "the radio portion of a cordless telephone communication." Tyler has now taken his case to the U.S. Supreme Court, charging that his Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable searches has been violated. Next week the high bench is expected to announce whether it will hear his case.

What the Supreme Court decides to do will be of more than passing interest to the 21 million American households that have cordless phones. The prevailing legal rationale holds that cordless users have no "reasonable expectation" of privacy because their phones—unlike standard wire phones and sophisticated cellular devices—transmit radio signals between a handset and a base unit that occasionally can be intercepted by other cordless phones or even by short-wave radio sets. As a result, Federal Communications Commission rules require that cordless phones carry a no-privacy warning.



Eavesdropping victim Scott Tyler calling from his home

Question: Do high-tech phone users waive their right of privacy?

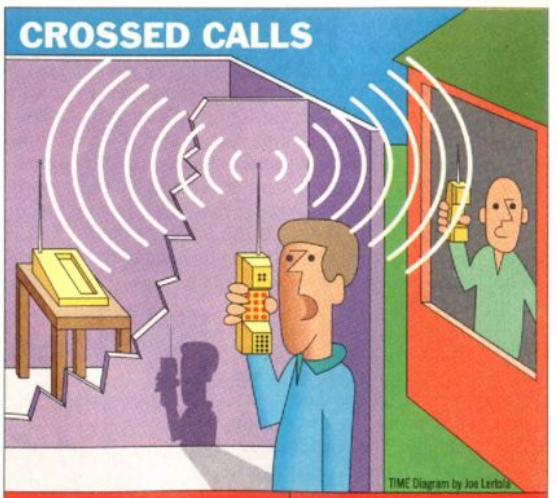
To some experts, the broadcast basis of cordless phone transmissions largely settles the matter. Says lawyer Mark Cleve, who is defending the neighbors and the county in Tyler's case: "Persons with cordless phones have every reason to know that their communications can be easily overheard." Concurs Professor George Trubow of the John Marshall Law School in Chicago: "It's a buyer-beware situation. If you buy new technology, you ought to understand the risks."

Such reasoning does not impress cordless users like Tyler, who insists that "a cordless phone is just a high-tech extension phone." Argues one of his lawyers, Randall Wilson: "It is not the intention of those who purchase cordless phones to broadcast to a large number of people. Persons should not be forced to waive their rights in order to participate in a technology-driven society." Many civil libertarians and privacy-law experts agree. Says Harvard University law Professor Alan Dershowitz: "It is preposterous to make our legal rights turn on the physics of how the voice is transmitted."

To many legal observers, the cordless-phone controversy is part of a larger trend that is weakening the right of privacy. "Communication or activity that may be accidentally heard or seen is now increasingly perceived as no longer deserving a reasonable expectation of privacy," warns Stanley Ingber, a Drake University law professor.

Unless the Supreme Court or Congress sees fit to provide stronger protections, anyone using a cordless phone could wind up broadcasting his personal conversations to the world. Consider the consequences next time you call your spouse, your business partner, your stockbroker—or your lawyer. —*By Alain L. Sanders.*

Reported by Andrea Sachs/New York


CROSSED CALLS
TIME Diagram by Joe Lertola
1 Cordless phones operate like a two-way radio, and there are only a small number of channels for them to use.
2 Any neighbor with a phone that happens to be tuned to the same frequency could listen in.

The Price Isn't Right

Drug firms start to feel the heat as the cost of medication spirals

BY CHRISTINE GORMAN

R. and D. A technician at a California lab of drug concern Schering-Plough uses a high-tech fluorescent cell sorter to analyze biological specimens

Jake Green, 75, of Winchester, Ky., learned in 1987 that he had myasthenia gravis, a rare degenerative disease that attacks the nerves leading to muscles. Since then, the cost of a month's supply of Mestinon, the drug produced by Switzerland's Hoffman-LaRoche that helps control his disorder, has jumped from $65 to $136. In testimony before Congress last November, Green told the Senate Special Committee on Aging, "I fear the day when I will not be able to afford to purchase the medicine which is keeping me alive."

Barbara Connell heads the Daystar Care Center, a nursing home in Cairo, Ill. Her father-in-law, 85, suffers from congestive heart failure and must spend $190 a month on medications, including the diuretic Lasix, produced by West Germany's Hoechst-Roussel. The senior Connell's income from Social Security totals just $350 a month, and since Medicare does not cover prescription costs, he has begun drawing on savings to pay his pharmacy bills. "If he didn't have those savings, he'd really be in bad shape," says Barbara.

Derek Hodel, 30, runs a New York City consumer organization that helps people purchase anti-AIDS drugs. For the past three months, his People with AIDS Health Group has assisted hundreds of sufferers from the viral malady in importing aerosol pentamidine, a powerful drug that effectively prevents *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, the leading cause of AIDS-related death. A month's supply of the chemical retails for $26 in Britain, where drug costs are regulated by the government; in the U.S. the price is $150. Says Hodel: "The idea that people have to import medications to get a good price is ludicrous."

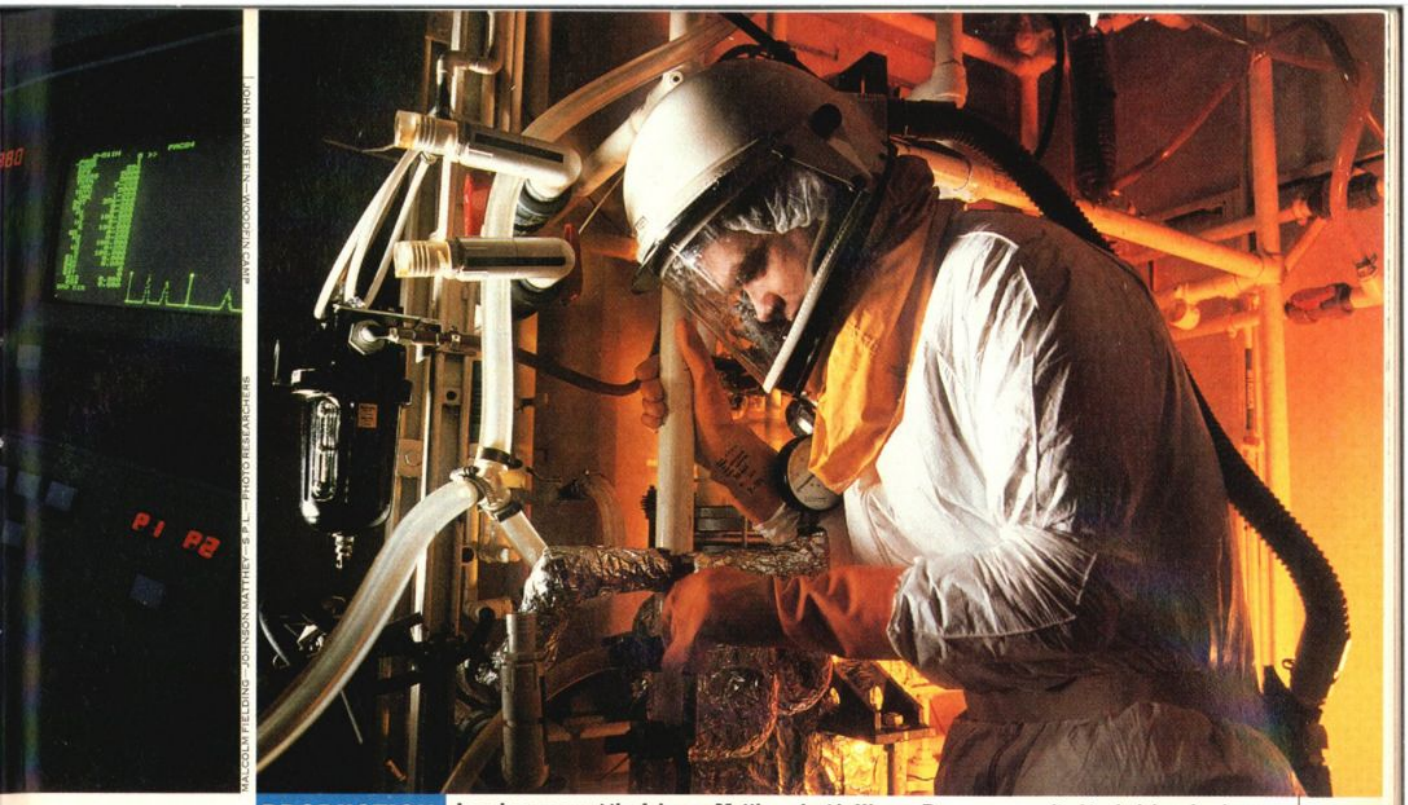
Drugstore consumers are feeling the pain of sticker shock as never before. In the U.S., where $40 billion worth of pharmaceuticals is sold annually, the price of prescription drugs has jumped 135% over the past decade; inflation rose 53%. The same trend holds in Western Europe, another $40 billion market. To keep costs down, the West German government last September resorted to stringent price controls on drugs that could cut pharmaceutical revenues there as much as 40%. Last month Japanese authorities cut prescription prices an average of 9.2%. "The price of drugs is running out of control," warns Democratic Congressman Henry Waxman, chairman of the House subcommittee on health and the environment and a leading legislative advocate of lower costs. "If the price increases continue, the public is going to demand that Congress start changing the law."

Major pharmaceutical firms like Merck & Co. of Rahway, N.J., and Bristol-Myers Squibb of New York City are keeping a low profile in the pricing debate. The corporate rebuttal is that drug firms are honestly struggling to contain their spiraling costs and turn a profit in a formidably complex and competitive industry. Research and development costs, the key to corporate success in the drug industry, have lofted from an average of $55 million for each new medication in the 1970s to $125 million today. Regulatory agencies like the U.S. Food and Drug Administration can take up to seven years to approve a drug application. That shrinks to 14 years the maximum amount of time in which a company can recoup its investment before its patent on a new substance runs out, and thereby pressures the firm to hike the price.

Even so, pharmaceutical profit margins are on the rise, often by substantial amounts. Some stock analysts predict that earnings for major U.S. drug companies will climb as much as 15% annually over the period from last year to 1991. Although prescription drugs account for less than 10% of healthcare costs in the U.S., pharmaceutical expenses are growing at twice the rate of other medical expenditures.

Hospitals are now requiring staff members to consider a drug's cost as well as its efficacy before they fill out prescription forms, and state Medicaid agencies are trying to hold the line by refusing to pay for some high-priced nostrums. Corporations with major medical bills are taking their own cost-control approach. General Motors has started direct negotiations with pharmaceutical firms to lower pre-

Merck's antiarthritic Clinoril



MALCOLM FIELDING—JOHNSON MATTHEY; S.P.L.—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

PRODUCTION **In a clean room at the Johnson Matthey plant in Wayne, Pa., a space-suited technician checks on the manufacturing process of a precious-metal-based anticancer drug**

scription-drug rates, and Rockwell International has opened its own pharmacy at an Iowa plant. "We're seeing the leveling out of the market power between purchasers and producers," says Stephen Schondelmeyer, director of the Pharmaceutical Economic Research Center at Purdue University in Lafayette, Ind.

The cost conflict is particularly acute for the U.S. drug industry, which continues to dominate the $130 billion world pharmaceutical market. Although the global industry has always boasted its share of non-U.S. giants, such as Switzerland's Ciba-Geigy and West Germany's Bayer AG, American firms average 40% of their sales outside the country. This year's three biggest drug-company mergers all involved U.S. companies. Bristol-Myers (1988 sales: $6 billion) joined Squibb of Princeton, N.J. ($2.6 billion); Philadelphia's SmithKline Beckman ($3 billion) merged with Britain's Beecham ($3 billion); Merrell Dow ($1.3 billion) of Midland, Mich., merged with Marion Labs ($752 million) of Kansas City. "Pharmaceuticals is the one industry in which the U.S. firms are the biggest and growing the fastest," says Jay Silverman, a health-care analyst at the Nomura Research Institute in New York City.

The U.S. Congress made an attempt to defuse the drug-price crisis in 1984 when legislators passed the Waxman-Hatch Drug Act, designed to encourage companies to manufacture more non-brand-name versions of prescription drugs. Pharmaceutical firms may sell these so-called generic drugs only after the brand name has lost its patent protection. The 1984 law streamlined the FDA approval process for generic drugs, reducing the time from an average of three years to a few months. Manufacturer sales of the low-cost drugs thereupon leaped from $3.5 billion in 1984 to $7 billion in 1988.

The measure proved to be only a partial solution. Last July a bribery scandal rocked the U.S. industry when three FDA reviewers pleaded guilty to accepting bribes from generic-drug companies. The revelations threw doubt on the efficacy of some generics. Meantime, drug prices continued their upward spiral—primarily because of the fundamental forces that drive the modern pharmaceutical industry.

Above all, drug companies must contend with the increasingly complex nature of medicine. Many of the "simpler" bacterial and viral illnesses whose treatment spurred the rise of great pharmaceutical concerns have passed from the scene, at least in the industrialized countries. Polio was virtually eliminated in developed countries in the late 1950s and early 1960s by vaccine; rheumatic fever has fallen to antibiotics. Today doctors must grapple with more complicated disorders such as heart disease, diabetes and Alzheimer's disease.

Finding treatments for those and other chronic ailments requires more sophisticated research, lengthier study and, of course, larger research budgets. Purdue's Schondelmeyer predicts that during the 1990s major pharmaceutical companies will each have to spend a minimum of $500 million annually on research and development in order to remain competitive. At present, behemoth Merck (1988 sales: $6 billion) budgets $670 million for R. and D. And since the money for new research must come from the sale of existing drugs, prescription prices will be under more upward pressure.

Heightened safety concerns also add to the cost of drug development. Compounds for treating hypertension or arthritis, for example, must be taken for a lifetime. Researchers spend years conducting expensive clinical trials to ferret out the various side effects of potential medications, only to discard many of them. Last month London-based Glaxo Holdings (revenues: $4.1 billion) announced that it had dropped Sufotidine from its development program because the antiulcer drug caused cancer in mice during long-term testing.

After a company has satisfied itself that a drug is safe, it must convince a regulatory agency such as the U.S. Food and Drug Administration or the British Committee on Safety of Medicines of its product's worth. This approval process, often duplicated in dozens of different countries, can add as much as seven years and millions of dollars to drug development. Streptokinase, a drug first licensed in the U.S. in the late 1970s by a subsidiary of Hoechst, helps open up clogged arteries during or after a heart attack and costs less than $300 a treatment. Its new rival, t-PA, genetically engineered by South San Francisco's Genentech and approved for use in 1987, costs $2,200 a shot.

Safety and space-age R. and D. are not the only reasons behind the run-up in pharmaceutical bills. Ironically, more competition often seems to spur higher prices as well. In an increasingly crowded drug market, some major firms have launched extensive—and pricey—advertising campaigns to give their wares a selling edge. A 15-sec. commercial on prime-time TV, like the spot for Upjohn's baldness remedy, Rogaine, can run as much as $150,000. "The trend toward direct advertising is particularly costly because your target audience is the consumer, not the physician," says Dr. Jerry Avorn, associate professor in the program for analysis of clinical strategies at Harvard Medical School. "That can't help increasing the price of pharmaceuticals."

After a medication has lost its patent protection, many companies raise the price to recoup some of the losses caused by the immediate drop in market share. A company can forfeit as much as 30% of that share in the first year after generic substitutes become available, but many physicians continue to prescribe only the brand-name medications they have come to trust and rely on. When generic versions of the potent heart medication Dyazide were introduced in the mid-1980s, the drug's inventor, SmithKline Beckman, raised the compound's price 23%.

Drug companies argue that they need the money to keep the all-important R.-and-D. well from running dry. In the past, one good blockbuster chemical—a drug that generates more than $500 million in sales annually—could finance a company's investigations for years. But as research becomes more complicated, the patented blockbusters are proving harder to come by. "By 1992 half of the top-ten-selling drugs in the U.S. will be off-patent," says Nomura's Silverman. "By 1995 almost all of them will be off-patent." And that will force less innovative pharmaceutical companies to raise prices on a wide assortment of drugs to make up for their lack of new wonder cures.

Provided they can get away with it, that is. Opposition to drug price hikes is growing fiercer, and includes some hefty corporate naysayers. General Motors, which spent $264 million in 1988 on prescription drugs for its employees, has been meeting with drug-company representatives to discuss cost containment. Though the talks are friendly, Thomas J. Morr, general director of employee benefits for General Motors, warns, "If we continue to increase our drug expenditures by 33% per member of our work force, as we did in 1989, we will have to consider more creative ways to cut costs."

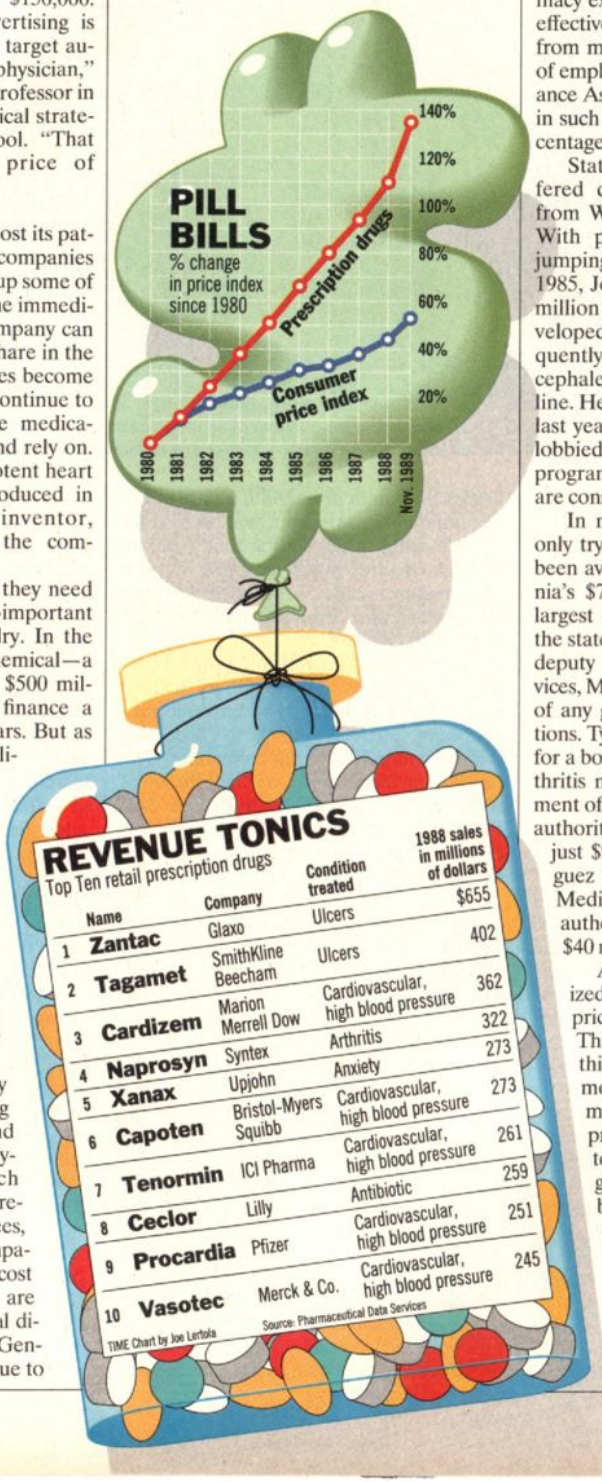
A growing number of hospitals have embarked on programs to make physicians better aware of the prices of different medications. Doctors at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital now order antibiotics on forms that list the most cost-effective choices. "The physician still maintains the prerogative of choosing the drug, but we're educating him or her about costs," says Dr. Jerry Avorn, the program's director. The hospital is saving $75,000 to $100,000 a year on its $900,000 antibiotic pharmaceutical budget.

Health-maintenance organizations have contributed to the downward price pressure. Set up to provide medical coverage for members at a fixed fee, HMOs control pharmacy expenses by using only the most cost-effective drugs and demanding discounts from manufacturers. In 1984 less than 4% of employees surveyed by the Health Insurance Association of America were enrolled in such health-care plans. By 1988 the percentage had risen to 72%.

State governments, which have suffered deep cuts in health-care funding from Washington, are also taking action. With pharmaceutical costs in his state jumping as much as 18% annually since 1985, John Alquest, who oversees the $31 million Kansas Medicaid program, has developed a bidding program for six frequently used drugs, including the antibiotic cephalexin and the asthma drug theophylline. He was able to log savings of $400,000 last year. Pharmaceutical companies have lobbied the Kansas legislature to block the program, but at least a dozen other states are considering similar measures.

In many cases, state governments are only trying to get discounts that have long been available to federal agencies. California's $7 billion Medi-Cal program is the largest consumer of prescription drugs in the state. But according to John Rodriguez, deputy director of state medical-care services, Medi-Cal has to pay the highest prices of any government agency for its medications. Typically, the agency shells out $37.68 for a bottle of 100 tablets of Tolectin, an arthritis medication, while the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs, which has greater authority to haggle over prices, hands over just $9.31 for an identical bottle. Rodriguez is trying to get legislators to grant Medi-Cal the same kind of bargaining authority. Savings could run as high as $40 million a year.

As the populations of the industrialized nations age, the demand for lower-priced drugs is certain to intensify. That may cause some drug firms to rethink the feasibility of researching more and more expensive high-tech medications—and will also increase pressure for mergers and other bids to achieve economies of scale in the global pharmaceutical business. The bottom line, says Purdue's Schondelmeyer, is that "we are approaching the maximum cost for what a patient can bear." If so, drug companies could face some painful treatment themselves in the future. — ***Reported by Mary Cronin/New York and Peter Shaw/London***



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Collates letters/envelopes	✓	yes**	no
Plotter emulation	✓	standard	optional
Resident fonts	✓	10	6
Font card size***	✓	credit card	"8-track" cassette
Standard weight	✓	33 lbs.	50 lbs.
Parts***	✓	400	1000
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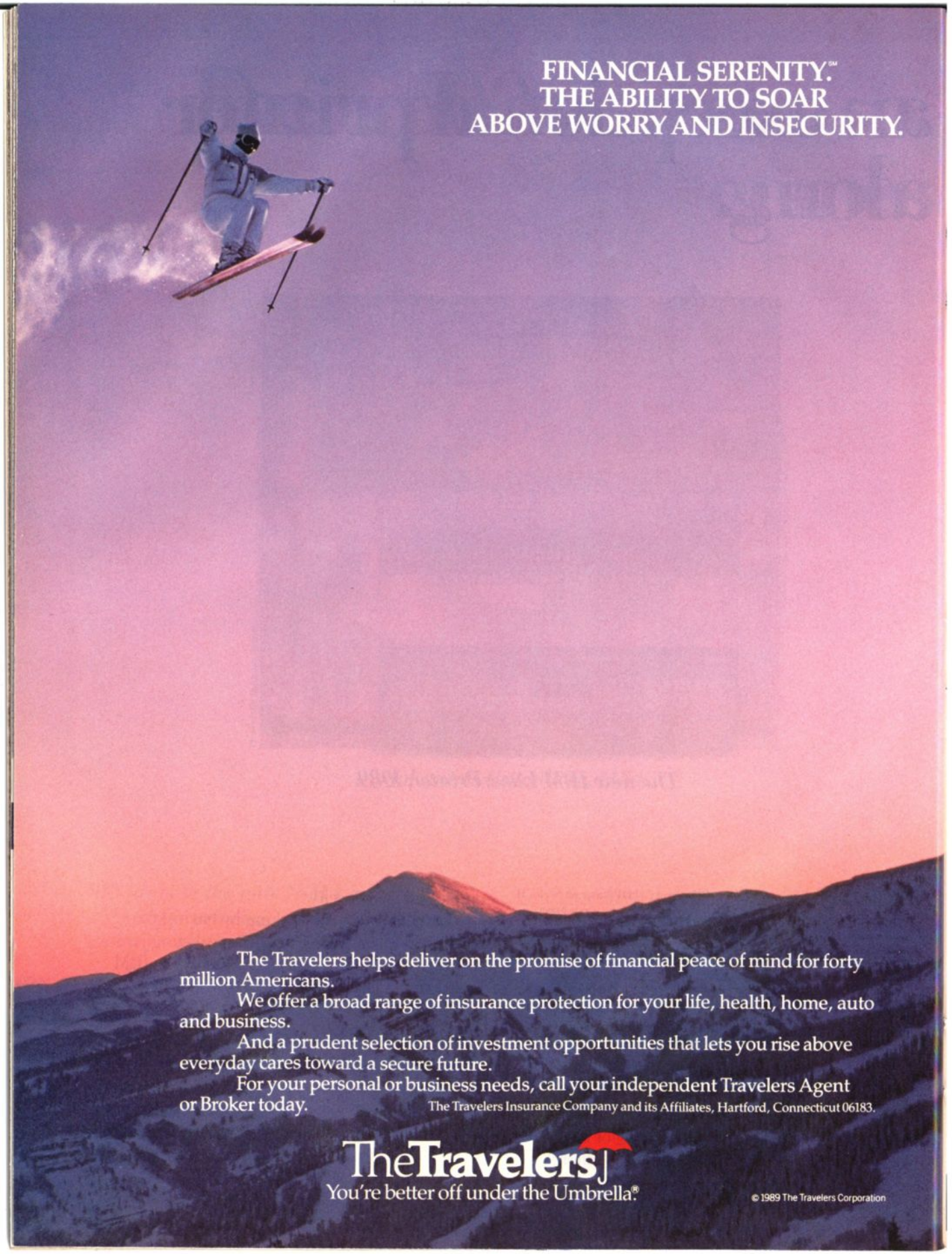
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RICK FEIRO—GAMMA LIAISON

PAT HILL-SYGMA—GAMMA LIAISON

A Florida farmhand tries to salvage strawberries; the Exxon refinery in Baton Rouge, La., burns after an explosion kills two and injures seven

What Rimes with Citrus?

Bitter cold bites growers, refiners and consumers

JAMES KAMP—BLACK STAR

Icy fruit: sent to juice processors

The Arctic freeze that blasted across the U.S. last week pushed its chilly talons deep into the national economy. How far, farmers and commodities investors from Florida to Chicago are still trying to figure out. Some of the effects were as obvious as the icicles hanging from Sunbelt citrus fruit; others, like increased demand for energy supplies and bottlenecks in heating-fuel distribution, were harder to gauge. U.S. consumers, however, were fairly certain they could count on higher costs for food and fuel this winter.

In Florida, where the freeze was most brutal, growers who normally produce about 75% of the U.S. citrus crop (worth some $3.5 billion in 1989) had tried to prepare for the worst. They banked orange, lemon and grapefruit trees with extra dirt and fired up smudge pots to raise the temperature in their groves. But the cold snap—with wind-chill temperatures of −5° F as far south as Orlando—lasted too long for such stopgap measures. Many strawberry, orange and grapefruit crops were completely ruined. Said Ben Abbitt, general manager of the Haines City Citrus Growers Association, Florida's biggest orange producer: "Mother Nature took us to the woodshed and kept us there three long nights."

At week's end, with growers scrambling to ship freeze-damaged fruit to juice processors before it spoiled entirely, industry losses had yet to be calculated. One stroke of fortune was that in Texas some 40% of the crop had already been harvested, though this year's calamity, which followed freezes in December 1983 and January 1985, might still force many small producers to the wall. Among the remainder, layoffs seemed inevitable: Abbitt, for one, has furloughed 175 of his 450 workers.

The weather was especially hard on growers in Texas' depressed Rio Grande valley, where fruit and vegetable production is the leading industry; citrus losses in that area alone could reach $55 million. Winter vegetables, including celery, cauliflower, radishes and broccoli, were heavily damaged in the South. In Florida, virtually the entire $200 million vegetable harvest might be gone, and in Texas only about 20% of the crop might be salvaged.

Consumers felt the pinch almost at once as some wholesale vegetable prices tripled. Orange-juice prices were unlikely to rise anywhere near as much, thanks to a large crop in Brazil and normal production in California and Mexico, which escaped the freeze. Nonetheless, traders on the New York Cotton Exchange last week drove the price of a futures contract for January delivery of frozen orange-juice concentrate to $1.61 per lb., up more than 25% in two weeks.

Petroleum and heating-oil traders were equally bullish. The price of home heating oil for January delivery rose to a 3-year high of more than $1 per gal. in the futures market. Retail prices are soaring. In parts of the Northeast, consumers are paying as much as $1.40 for a gallon of home heating oil, up more than 40¢ in three weeks.

While the great cold stimulated heating demand, there were significant crimps in supply. U.S. production was severely impaired when a Dec. 24 explosion damaged the second largest refinery in the country, an Exxon plant in Baton Rouge, La., that normally processes 455,000 bbl. of crude a day. The accident, probably caused by a spark that ignited hydrocarbons released from a pipe, killed two workers and injured seven others. Company officials announced that the facility will partly reopen this week. Other installations also suffered shutdowns: Shell Oil closed two gasoline refineries in Texas and Louisiana and curtailed operations at an Illinois plant because of frozen equipment. Some facilities were operating at about half capacity.

Even if the weather improves, shortages of natural gas, a popular alternative to heating oil, should keep overall energy prices higher this winter than last. U.S. gas reserves remain abundant. The problem is inadequate delivery: pipeline capacity is seriously limited in some regions. Moreover, the cold caused some gas wellheads to freeze up, trapping supplies in the ground.

Even where crops were not affected, the cold struck a blow at agriculture by snarling transportation. On the Mississippi River, barges were frozen north of Cairo, Ill. The sub-zero temperatures hit midway through the biggest single delivery of corn—11 million tons—to the Soviet Union. Some 6 million tons had already been shipped from Gulf ports, but the rest was still in storage in elevators along the Mississippi.

Finally, there was considerable property damage—about $300 million in Texas alone, where insulating home water pipes is seldom the uppermost thought on a homeowner's mind. Plumbers, not surprisingly, finished the year working overtime. Coming on the heels of two hurricanes as well as several floods and hailstorms, the frigid interlude signaled that home-insurance rates in the Lone Star State are likely to go up. —***By Barbara Rudolph.***

Reported by Martha Smilgis/New York and Richard Woodbury/Houston

Business Notes

REGULATION

Turning from Wall to Main

The Securities and Exchange Commission has a new top watchdog. After toiling for twelve years as an SEC staff attorney, William R. McLucas, 39, last week was named director of enforcement. He succeeds Gary Lynch, 39, bane of inside traders Ivan Boesky and Dennis Levine, who resigned last summer to take a job at a New York City law firm. McLucas suggested that after years of prosecuting high-profile Wall Street insider-trading cases, the agency might additionally focus more closely on basic securities abuses, in which brokers exploit unsophisticated small Main Street investors.

SEC Chairman Richard Breeden announced the formation of a new 25-person SEC unit to combat securities violations at financial institutions. One of the group's goals: to prevent more disasters like the case of Lincoln Savings & Loan, whose chairman, Charles Keating, managed to run up $2.5 billion in losses, driving the California thrift into bankruptcy. With S&Ls foundering almost daily, the gesture seems like an afterthought—and an undersized one at that. ■

GEORGE LANGE—OUTLINE

Flamboyant publisher Forbes and a few of his high-priced assets

PUBLISHING

How Much, Malcolm?

Publisher Malcolm Forbes annually trumpets the net worth of everybody in America who is superrich—except himself, that is. His refusal to nail down his net worth in *Forbes'* annual tally of the 400 richest Americans has prompted an endless stream of estimates. Last week the tabloid New York *Post* entered the guessing game with its analysis of Forbes' assets: the eight homes in locations from France to Fiji; the magazines, including *American Heritage* and *egg;* the 2,200 paintings; the twelve jeweled Fabergé eggs; more than 400 sq. mi. of other real estate; and on and on. The verdict: Malcolm is a billionaire, but only if you swallow an estimate of $65 million for his flagship magazine's annual profits (the privately held enterprise releases no figures).

Why is Forbes so elusive about his money? Blame the taxman. "For everyone else on the *Forbes* list, the IRS knows it's an estimate," he explains. "But they'd assume any figure for me was absolutely accurate." ■

CORPORATIONS

The Highflyers Hit a Low

The Christmas buying season brought little cheer to corporate raider and would-be retailing tycoon Robert Campeau. Citibank notified his Allied and Federated stores, owners of Bloomingdale's and Abraham & Straus, that the bank might formally place loans totaling $2.3 billion in default as early as Jan. 10. Many Campeau suppliers and investors concluded that the chains would soon be forced to seek Chapter 11 bankruptcy. "You would have to be out of your mind to ship to either of these companies under current conditions," said one supplier.

The bankruptcy blues had already struck another takeover team, go-getting Kohlberg Kravis Roberts. Hillsborough Holdings, a Tampa-based building-supplies company formed by KKR in 1988, filed for Chapter 11 protection last week. Although two smaller KKR companies, Seamen Furniture and SCI Television, are also in financial straits, Hillsborough's filing is the first for a large KKR unit. The holdings firm reported liabilities of $347.6 million against assets of $304.2 million. ■

ADVERTISING

Coke Updates A . . . Classic

Ah, those were the days, nearly 20 years ago, when Coca-Cola gathered a group of young students and models on a hilltop near Rome to sing what would become the most memorable U.S. ad ditty of the era: "I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony/ I'd like to buy the world a Coke and keep it company." The choristers got a flat $50 fee, while the commercial earned Coca-Cola thousands of approval letters and the effervescence of a song that sold more than 1 million copies.

So why not relive that moment? Coke tried, with results that will air for the first time on Jan. 28 during the Super Bowl broadcast. The new ad features 16 members of the old cast on the same hilltop, along with their children and dozens of other youngsters. There's one other twist to the revived classic: some cast members turned down the flat fee this time and opted for residuals. ■

Teaching the world to sing, Part II

ARGENTINA

The Greenback Gets Respect

Just five months after Argentine President Carlos Saúl Menem announced tough reforms to liberalize the national economy, his country may be on the verge of another financial collapse. After curbing inflation from a monthly rate of nearly 200% in July to 6.5% in November, Menem's program has hit several snags. Among them: the Peronist leader's failure to cut staff at any of Argentina's money-losing state enterprises and the resignations nearly three weeks ago of Central Bank President Egidio Ianella and Economy Minister Nestor Rapanelli and his deputy. The departures further weakened confidence in the economy. Argentina's currency, the austral, has plunged in value more than 50% against the U.S. dollar this past week, and experts guess consumer prices will jump about 50% for December.

VILLALOBOS—GAMMA LIAISON

Menem

Amid the uncertainty, a number of new reform proposals are being floated. One would replace the austral with the dollar, eliminating one major cause of inflation by depriving Menem's government of the ability to print money. For just that reason, not to mention outraged nationalistic sensibilities, the idea is sure to go nowhere. ■

How Reporters Missed the War

On a tight leash, journalists assail the Pentagon's pool system

BY STANLEY W. CLOUD

When Allied troops stormed the Normandy beaches in 1944, American correspondents and photographers were on hand to tell the story. But two weeks ago, when U.S. Marines and Rangers led the charge into Panama as part of Operation Just Cause, not a single journalist accompanied them. The Pentagon-sanctioned pool of reporters did not arrive on the scene until four hours after the fighting began, and they were unable to file their first dispatches until six hours after that. Worse, the initial pool report shed almost no light on the confused military situation, leading off with the hardly titanic news that the U.S. chargé d'affaires in Panama, John Bushnell, was worried about the "mischief" that deposed dictator Manuel Noriega could cause. Complains pool member Steven Komarow of the Associated Press: "We kind of missed the story."

Responsibility for that failure lies with the military—particularly the Defense Department's Southern Command—not with Komarow or his seven colleagues in the pool. From the time the hastily summoned reporters arrived at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington on the night of the invasion until they returned from Panama four days later, the Army kept them under such tight control that journalistic initiative was all but impossible.

During their first, crucial day in Panama, the reporters were kept for several hours in a windowless room at Fort Clayton and treated to a tedious, history-laden briefing. Nor were things much better once the poolers were allowed into the sunlight. "To the extent we got any news at all," Komarow says, "it was pretty much by accident." He notes, for example, that the pool did witness looting in Panama City, but only when their military driver lost his way. Exposure to actual combat was also a matter of chance, as when Noriega forces attacked the Southern Command's headquarters, about 400 yards from the press center.

"It was a Keystone Kops operation, especially at first," says Kevin Merida of the Dallas *Morning News*. "The military seemed to have no concept of what our role was. The whole first day was devoted to taking us to places where the action was already over. It was like forming a White House pool and then showing them an empty hall and saying, 'This is where the President spoke.' "

Acrimony between the press and the military is hardly new. It existed even during the fondly recalled days of World War II, when correspondents had to wear uniforms and submit to censorship, a practice the military abandoned in Viet Nam and has avoided since. In response to criticism over the barring of reporters from the 1983 Grenada invasion, the Pentagon created a National Media Pool of rotating news organizations. The military not only decides when a pool will be "activated" and "deactivated" but also sets the ground rules for participation, including understandably strict limits on what information can be published before an operation begins. Moreover, it allows the local commands to exercise almost complete control over the movements of participating reporters and photographers and acts as a traffic cop for the transmission of copy and the shipment of film and videotape.

That is a price many experienced journalists are willing to pay if it means getting into a place that would otherwise be closed to them. "Bad as the pool operation was in Panama," says Carl Leubsdorf, Washington bureau chief of the Dallas *Morning News*, "it was better than what we had in Grenada." Nonetheless, says Jonathan Wolman, Washington bureau chief for the Associated Press, "I don't like pools. I like open coverage. Our guy just sat around in a little room, feeling frustrated."

Pentagon spokesman Pete Williams blamed much of the difficulty with the Panama pool on "incompetence"—his own and that of the Southern Command. The command's officers argued that logistics and concern for the safety of journalists made it impossible to permit pool members to get closer to the action.

So far the pool system has been tested twice under combat conditions: during the Navy's 1987 Persian Gulf operation and this year in Panama. Retired Major General Winant Sidle, who headed the Pentagon commission that recommended the pool system, has been unimpressed with the results. "If you're going to let the media in," Sidle says, "you have to let them do something." Others think there may be no acceptable way of achieving that goal. "I just don't see a happy ending to this story," says a Navy public affairs specialist. Pools, he adds, "just don't work."

They never will unless the military agrees to let reporters do their job. Even then, pools cannot substitute for hard-nosed, entrepreneurial reporting. Retired Admiral Joseph Metcalf, who led the Grenada task force, responded to complaints about the way the Panama pool was handled by huffing, "But what about the reporters who were already in Panama? They had plenty of indication that something was happening. They could have found out days in advance. If they can't use their knuckleheads, it's their own damn fault." The admiral was being unduly harsh, but he had a point. ***—With reporting by Bruce van Voorst/Washington***

DIEDRICH—CONTACT

Captive audience: U.S. military officer briefing correspondents

"To the extent we got any news at all, it was pretty much by accident."

Dissident To President

VACLAV HAVEL, master of absurdist theater, philosopher of rebellion and veteran of Czechoslovakia's best prisons, becomes its head of state

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

A few months after the 1968 Soviet invasion ended the Prague Spring of intellectual freedom in his homeland, Czech playwright Václav Havel joined many of his countrymen lining up at the U.S. embassy in quest of a visa. Like most of those in the queue, he had something to flee from: the hard-line new government wanted him out and had banned his works from production or publication. Unlike most of the others, Havel had someplace to go: three of his plays had won acclaim in the West, and he had been offered both a job at New York City's prestigious Public Theater and a foundation grant to underwrite him in the U.S. for a year. But when a friend in the queue asked Havel if he really intended to leave, he said, "No, I don't think so. I think things will get very interesting here."

Interesting the past two decades have been. Also turbulent, irritating, at times humiliating and occasionally frightening. As one of a handful of prominent Prague intellectuals who chose neither to flee nor to fall silent but to fight back, Havel was jailed three times for a total of almost five years on the flimsiest of charges. One four-month stretch was served in a cell 12 ft. by 7 ft., which he shared with a burglar. A second imprisonment ended when he nearly died of pneumonia that was neglected, perhaps deliberately, by prison doctors. His last internment, four months of a scheduled eight, was in 1989 for participating in a flower-laying ceremony in memory of a student who set himself afire to protest the 1968 invasion.

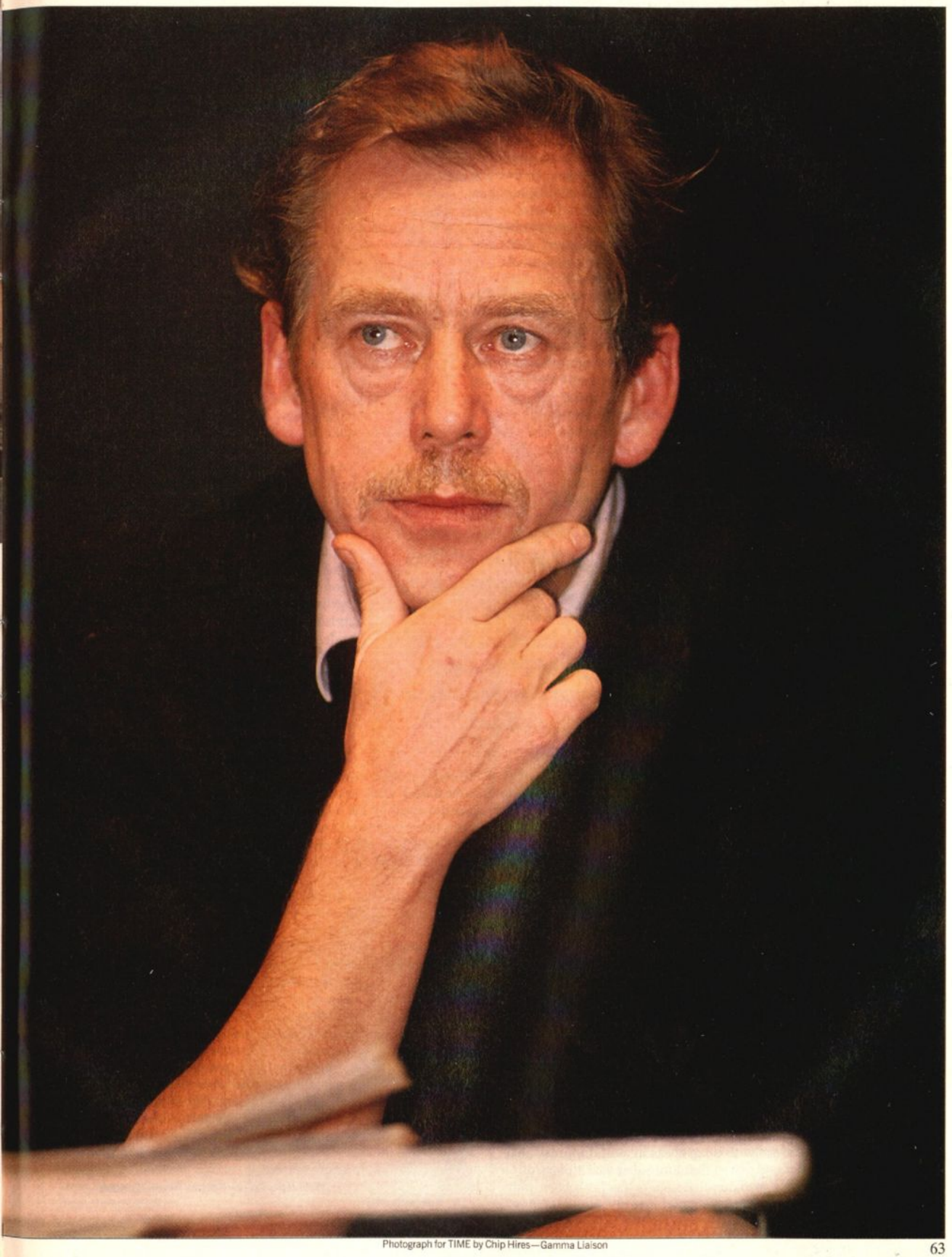
When nominally free, Havel endured nonstop surveillance; friends who came to visit were sometimes turned away and harassed for the attempt. His homes and car were repeatedly and imaginatively vandalized, doubtless by ever present security forces; repair workers whom he hired were threatened with police reprisals. The country cottage where he celebrated his 40th birthday was officially ordered vacated, one day later, as unfit for human habitation. Havel was never physically tortured, although on at least one occasion a policeman threatened, "Today you're going to get so beat up that you'll have your trousers full."

Through it all, Havel kept writing, kept publishing, kept denouncing the communist system as a concatenation of lies, no less corrupting for being universally recognized as lies. He spurned every chance to redeem his fortunes by recantation or silence. When the system made him suffer, his suffering became the subject of his art. Forced for a time to work stacking empty beer barrels, he turned even that into two brief satires. Although the obvious villains in his writings were communist leaders, whom he sometimes denounced by name, his ultimate targets were fellow citizens, whose crime lay in getting along by going along. His moral courage was accompanied, as is often the case with self-selected martyrs, by flashes of stiff-necked arrogance. He seemed to mirror himself in the descriptive name of his most autobiographical character, Nettle, pricking the complacency of what he saw as a materialistic nation.

Zealous idealists rarely get a chance to lead, and when they do, they rarely show much aptitude for the give-and-take of politics, the careful timing, the restraint. Yet in an irony more exquisite than any he ever envisioned for the stage, Vaclav Havel became not only the conscience but also the commonsense leader of the mass movement that led to Czechoslovakia's orderly ouster of its communist leaders. Having inspired fellow citizens by his rhetoric and unrelenting example, he heard them demand that he take over as head of state. That was not for him, he said. He was a writer. In fact, his work so depended on being an outsider that he joked about asking the new government to put him back in jail two days a week. But the more he denied interest in the presidency, the more insistently his fellow citizens marched and sloganeered on his behalf.

Last Thursday the Parliament amended the presidential oath of office to eliminate the customary pledge of loyalty to socialism, a vow that the nonsocialist Havel likely would have refused to take. In the same session, Parliament honored Havel's determination to have "close by my side" another revered ghost from 1968. Alexander Dubcek, the former leader who launched the Prague Spring, was restored to a post of power, after two decades of internal exile, by being elected the legislature's new presiding officer. The stately transition was completed on Friday, when Prime Minister Marian Calfa, whose Communist Party colleagues so long denounced Havel as a slanderer of the state, praised him as "a man who is faithful to his beliefs despite persecution." After Havel was unanimously elected, he emerged to tell supporters, "I will not disappoint you, but will lead this country to free elections. This must happen in a decent and peaceful way so the clean face of our revolution is not sullied. It is a task for us all."

Havel insists he will serve only until elections for a new Parliament are held, probably in June. Like the political figure he is increasingly compared to, Poland's Lech Walesa, he seems to prefer being kingmaker to being king. But in the brave new world of Eastern Europe, all axioms have been reduced to theorems and all vows rendered interim. Many Czechs think Havel will seek a more permanent role in politics, a pursuit he seems to love—at least for this heady period of symbolizing freedom and basking in praise, before the hard task of transition sets in. He acknowledges that he does not know much about the intricacies of international economics or the Warsaw Pact, and some skeptics see him as susceptible to manipulation by other leaders of the Civic Forum revolutionary movement. But in times of philosophical upheaval, Plato may have



Photograph for TIME by Chip Hires—Gamma Liaison

been right: the philosopher makes the best king. Havel has written acutely about the psychological and metaphysical impact of the communist years and about how the change to a free, capitalist society requires the restoration of a sense of individual responsibility. Without that lesson's being learned, details of governance will not matter.

As an artist, Havel has always been a political prophet, prone to jeremiads. In *Largo Desolato,* the hero faces unspecified tortures, which he can avert if he changes his name and declares himself not to be the author of his works. Although he ultimately says no, he wavers for a moment, and that is enough to satisfy the state. In *Temptation,* Havel retells the Faust myth in terms of the ego-driven distortions of truth committed by his compatriots. In the essay *The Power of the Powerless,* he lambastes an archetypal grocer who places a poster saying WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE in his shopwindow to prove himself orthodox and ensure his comfort. Dissecting the web of hypocrisies and self-deceptions that formed the social fabric of communist life, Havel argues for "living within the truth." He writes, "You do not become a 'dissident' just because you decide one day to take up this most unusual career. You are thrown into it by your personal sense of responsibility, combined with a complex set of external circumstances. You are cast out of the existing structures and placed in a position of conflict with them. It begins as an attempt to do your work well, and ends with being branded an enemy of society."

"I will not disappoint you, but will lead this country to free elections in a decent and peaceful way so our revolution is not sullied."

If Havel, 53, actually were an enemy of the society in which he grew up, it would be understandable. Long before he was singled out for his outspoken politics and insurrectionist art, he was subjected to discrimination because he was born to wealth. His father was a real estate developer. An even richer uncle owned hotels and the Barrandov movie studios, which remain the center of Czechoslovak filmmaking. One of his English-language translators, Czech émigré Vera Blackwell, has said, "If Czechoslovakia had remained primarily a capitalist society, Vaclav Havel would be just about the richest man in the country." Instead, by the time Havel was a teenager, the communists had dispossessed the family. More painful still, Stalinist rules barred youths of upper-class descent from full-time education beyond early adolescence. Undaunted, Havel took a menial job in a chemical laboratory and went to night school in an attempt to qualify for university study, but his application was rejected time and again. Intrigued by the theater, he signed on as a stagehand.

Finally, talent won out over bureaucracy. Within a few years he worked his way up to literary manager of the Theater on the Balustrade, Prague's principal showcase for the avant-garde. That made him a prominent part of the Prague Spring, which was not just a fleeting season but several years of increasing freedom, ferment and hope. Havel's first script, *The Garden Party,* a surreal satire of communist pedanticism, was produced at home in 1963 and in at least seven other nations—in 18 separate theaters in West Germany. British critic Kenneth Tynan lauded the play as "absurdism with deep roots in contemporary anxieties." The perspective in that and subsequent plays often reminded critics of Samuel Beckett, the Irish-born playwright of diminution and despair whose death was announced last week. Havel considered himself a disciple of Beckett's, although his work rarely shared the older writer's paralyzing hopelessness, and Beckett returned the compliment: his 1984 one-act *Catastrophe,* portraying the inquisition of a dissident, was an explicit tribute.

Havel's English-language reputation was secured with his second play, *The Memorandum,* in which a society's leaders imposed an artificial language, incomprehensible to everyone but nonetheless required for all transactions. It debuted in Prague in 1965 and reached the U.S. in May 1968 in an award-winning production by Joseph Papp's prestigious Public Theater in New York City. Havel attended the premiere. Three months later, Soviet tanks rolled through the streets of Prague. The political and artistic blossoming withered and died. The bureaucrats Havel had mocked were firmly back in charge.

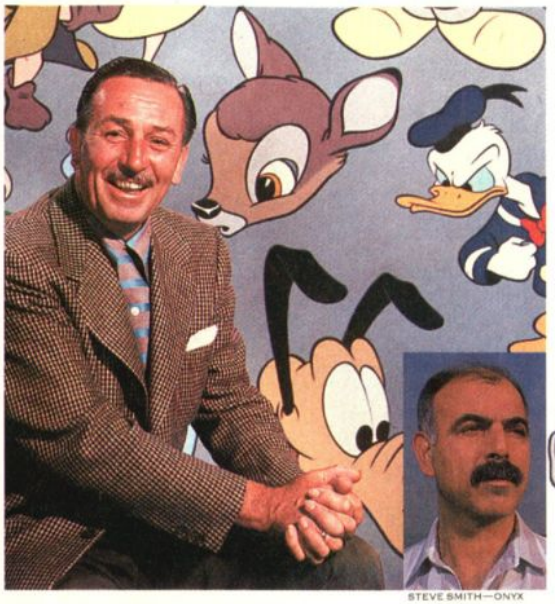
He was soon out of a job at Balustrade. Although he continued to write for publication or production in the West, his public role in Prague shifted to politics. He became a principal organizer of Charter 77, a human rights organization designed to compel Czechoslovakia to honor the commitments in existing treaties and its own constitution. As Havel argued, "If an outside observer who knew nothing at all about life in Czechoslovakia were to study only its laws, he or she would be utterly incapable of understanding what we were complaining about." Havel was first jailed in 1977. By August 1978, he was "free" under house arrest behind a barricade that said, ENTRANCE FORBIDDEN. When Havel asked police what offense he was charged with, he reported in *Technical Notes on My House-Arrest,* he "was only told that they had no instructions to pass such information on to me."

Even at low ebb, Havel was protected in some measure by his prominence abroad. Authorities made no effort to uproot him from the handsome granite apartment block built by his father and also tenanted by his brother, where Havel has room after room lined with books and videotapes, the elegance tempered by big beer-hall ashtrays, overflowing with butts, on seemingly every table. The car that the police most often vandalized was a white Mercedes. Although his manner is earthy and direct and his short, dumpy frame and mustache bring to mind a small, playful walrus, Havel still has a touch of the patrician. He is accustomed to center stage and rarely brooks disagreement, even from friends. His marriage has endured a quarter-century and produced one of the century's most touching prison volumes, *Letters to Olga,* but friends say Havel can be as overbearing to her as to anyone else—which is very overbearing indeed. If Havel is the embodiment of moral rectitude to his nation, that is even more strongly the way he sees himself. His true passion is not for possessions or power but for giving life a purpose. That is why the people of Czechoslovakia were able to do last week what the government never could: persuade him to move out of the flat built by his father, with its sweeping views of the Vltava River and the Hradcany castle complex, across the river into the castle itself. It is Prague's presidential palace. And it is now, in an era of electric change, the dissident's home.

—With reporting by William Mader/London

People

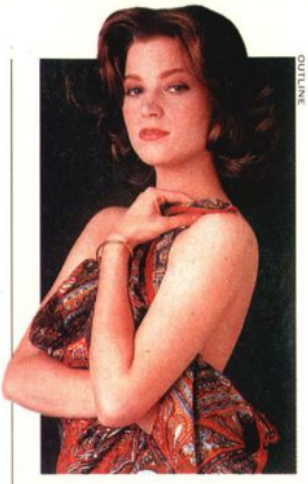
BY EMILY MITCHELL/Reported by Wendy Cole



STEVE SMITH—ONYX

Hair Today . . .

That wasn't the Grinch who stole aboard the *Queen Mary* on Christmas Eve and handed three mustachioed employees their pink slips. No, the killjoy was the Walt Disney Co., whose grooming code forbids facial hair. Two years ago, Disney took over the *Queen*, a popular tourist attraction in Long Beach harbor, Calif. After the clean-shaven rule was imposed last month, some 200 hirsute workers yielded to the policy, but veteran waiter REZA NAZERTEHRANI, inset, refused—and lost his job. Says he: "I have a right to decide how to take care of my face." Perhaps even the firm's founder wouldn't have passed inspection. Happy New Year, WALT DISNEY, you're fired.



OUTLINE

Caffeine Free

"I've got an odd face. It looks different from different angles." And that, explains **BRIDGET FONDA,** 25, is "good for an actress." So's her lineage. Though she's Henry's granddaughter, Peter's daughter and Jane's niece, a few years back there were 15 minutes of "pure hysteria" over a cup of espresso as she wondered about a backup career. No need to worry: last week she received a Golden Globe nomination for *Scandal;* a new film, *Strapless,* is due in March; and she's been shooting *The Godfather* (Part 3) in Rome. And keeping away from espresso.

Three of a Kind

As kids in New Jersey, the sisters sang together during trips in the family car. Now thirty-something and nicely incorporated as the ROCHES, they still get ideas from one another. A hot conversation between Terre, right, and Maggie, center, about "antisex backlash in the '80s" wound up in their new album *Speak.* Suzzy jotted down the words ("If you are a sexist pig/ then I have got to dislike you/ for the rest of my life"), and all three wrote the music. There are two rules for close harmony. Says Terre: "We eat right and get enough sleep."

MARIO RUIZ

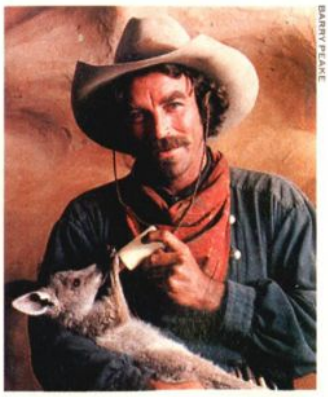
Slow Justice

To serve or not to serve, that was the question. Facing compulsory military duty in his native Italy seven years ago, STEFANO CASIRAGHI had an excuse: a genital tumor, which could cause impotence. By the time he and Monaco's PRINCESS CAROLINE had a second child in 1986, however, Italian authorities were investigating the claim. Though he's now a Monegasque, Casiraghi, 29, is to stand trial in Milan on charges of lying to officials. He and Caroline now have three children.

R. MELLOUL—SYGMA

Roo-Mates

Hawaii was never like this. In the Australian Outback for his latest film in what he calls "life after Magnum," **TOM SELLECK** first mastered the lariat, then had to lasso a kangaroo. He did both admirably. "No tricks," he told director Simon Wincer. "No doubles. And a real kangaroo." In *Quigley Down Under,* Selleck plays a 19th century rifleman who comes to the defense of the aborigine. Learning the ropes was easier than getting a grip on the language to converse with the aboriginal extras on the set. After "Hello" and "Where's the water hole?" Selleck was just about speechless.



BARRY PEAKE

Blockbusters of an Inventive Showman

American master Frederic Edwin Church's spectacular 19th century landscapes were the CinemaScope of his age

BY ROBERT HUGHES

Fires, floods, volcanoes, crags, waterfalls, roaring or expectantly hushed seas—this imagery of nature as spectacle, the romantic sublime, has never gone out of style in America, though it migrated to the movies in the 20th century. In the 19th, however, it was still firmly ensconced in painting, and at its zenith—the 1850s and 1860s—its star was Frederic Edwin Church, whose admirers compared him (for various reasons) with Lord Byron, Balboa and J.M.W. Turner. When Church showed a single landscape, Americans would turn out to see it in the kind of droves that require the pull of a whole retrospective today. In 1859 he made $3,000 in three weeks—at 25¢ a ticket—by displaying *Heart of the Andes,* his enormous image of mountains, gorge, valley, river and jungle, in a studio on Tenth Street in New York City.

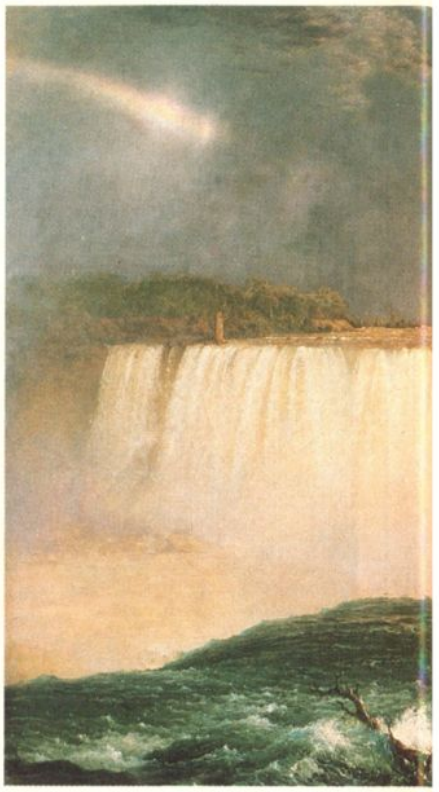
No previous American artist had touched both highbrow and middlebrow in this way, and few would manage to do so later. Church was an inventive showman. *Heart of the Andes,* more than 5 ft. by 9 ft., went on view in a trompe l'oeil architectural frame built, literally, like a picture window, so that one sat down on a bench and had the illusion of gazing from a Victorian living room into sublimity, complete with palms, parrots and Andean campesinos adoring a cross. If his other paintings prefigured CinemaScope, this one was the ancestor of the big-screen home VCR.

Set in a mock-up of this Pharaonic piece of now lost joinery, *Heart of the Andes* is at the National Gallery of Art in Washington through March 18, along with 48 other paintings by Church. Most of his single-image blockbusters are also there, including his series on Cotopaxi in Ecuador; *The Icebergs,* 1861; and the picture that made him the most famous artist in America and amazed even John Ruskin—the stupendous view of Niagara Falls from the Canadian side, the green glass water sliding faster and faster toward the edge and into the clouds of white vapor.

Finely curated by Franklin Kelly, this is the first full-dress Church exhibition in 25 years, and it gives us the man whole: his poetic eye, his formidable ability to marshal vast quantities of visual data, his passion for botany and geology—and his flashes of provincial vulgarity too, his shameless playing to the gallery. If one wants to understand the 19th century appetite for pictorial mastery as a metaphor of the conquest of "untrammeled" nature, this is the show to start with.

Born in Connecticut in 1826, Church had the good luck to be taken on as a student by Thomas Cole, whose slightly stilted allegorical landscapes had made him the most famous American artist of the 1840s. Like Cole, he painted scenes along the Hudson River and in the Catskills, in a manner much indebted to Claude Lorrain: peaceful arcadian vistas with the silver glint of lakes under evening skies. Church's valediction to his dead master, *To the Memory of Cole,* 1848, with its rose-wreathed cross on a mountainside between two emblems—the tree stump (death) and the evergreens (posthumous fame)—carries the Claudean stereotype into America. The billows of pink and white cloud on its far horizon predict the grand effects that Church's later work would seek as it moved from Claude to a closer model, Turner.

Church adored Turner, the greatest theatrician of landscape who ever lived, with his cloud arches and burning transparencies, his glooms and veils of color. Church had seen a few Turners, which had found their way to America by then; he was also much influenced by the vast apocalyptic paintings of John Martin, *The Great Day of His Wrath* and *The Last Judgement,* shown in New York soon after they were painted in the 1850s. Church wanted to stun



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF MRS. DAVID DOWS

HEART OF THE ANDES, 1859

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

NIAGARA, 1857

and to instruct, to absorb the "Holy Book" of nature along with the Holy Writ of John Ruskin's writings.

Turner had been to the Alps. Church would go to South America. He made, in fact, two trips, in 1853 and 1857, and discovered his great motif, the volcano of Cotopaxi. He painted it dozens of times, and in the end the effort of grappling with the utterly unfamiliar landscape of the Andes forced him to maturity as a painter. By 1866, when he set down the glittering double-arc rainbow that spans from bare mountain to jungle in *Rainy Season in the Tropics,* he had attained a rhetorical grandeur of painted space that was all his own.

Church's desire to go south was sparked by his reading the German explorer and naturalist Alexander von Humboldt (1769-1859), who had traveled in Central and South America at the turn of the century. Humboldt was not only a scientist but a great popularizer. As Stephen Jay Gould points out in an excellent catalog essay, the first two volumes of his work *Cosmos* were seen by their 19th century public as the last word on nature and its origins. Humboldt's ideas were what Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* overthrew. For Humboldt, like Linnaeus before him, saw the natural world as a pyramid of unity, "one great whole animated by the breath of life"—cooperative within its prodigious variety, with more room for God than allowed by Darwin's harsher scheme of battle and chance variation. The artist must see like a scientist; the scientist, alert to the lessons of the sublime, like an artist.

Our own century abounds in attempted marriages between science and art, but none of them have had the intensity and completeness with which Church absorbed Humboldt's ideas, acted on them and gave them pictorial form. In a sense he did indeed become, as the New York *Times* announced in 1863, "the artistic Humboldt of the New World," come to fulfill Humboldt's prophecy that "landscape painting will flourish with a new and hitherto unknown brilliancy when artists . . . shall be enabled, in the interior of continents, in the humid valleys of the tropical world, to seize with genuine freshness . . . on the true image of the varied forms of nature."

There is not a made-up leaf or an ornithologically unidentifiable bird in Church's South American paintings; though they were all done back in his New York studio; every hair on the tiny llamas looks right. Yet those who thought Church's paintings of Cotopaxi were faithful to the primal scene of nature were wrong. They were more than faithful; they were, so to speak, ecstatic. Nobody could call the view of Cotopaxi dull, but when Church saw it in 1853, it completely lacked the palms, writhing creepers, streams and waterfalls he would later give it. "The big mountain," he wrote to a friend, "grimly secludes itself in an immense circle of volcanic and comparatively barren country." The nearest palms were a hundred miles away. But without foreground vegetation, there was no hope of making the volcano look like a painting—bringing it into the scheme of heroic Claudean and Turneresque landscape, the motif framed by arches of trees or cliffs in the foreground, with pictorial incidents unrolling back in space toward the distant peak. So, like all landscape painters, he "improved."

The vistas were highly edited pastiches, ecological anthologies. But this enhanced their power for the 19th century viewer, who wanted epitomes of nature, filled with moral messages. These Church supplied in abundance. He never actually saw his volcano erupt—it did so on Sept. 13, 1853, three days after he left the area—but when he painted *Cotopaxi* in 1862 in full eruption, he could not have left much doubt that this scene also held a lesson for an America plunged into hatred and despair by the Civil War. The morning sun rises through the plume of smoke and ash, irresistibly, its disk made lurid but not extinguished by the subterranean fires, its light mirrored in a tranquil lake. Catastrophe will not wipe out nature; in the foreground of the volcanic plain, new plants spring to life. This, as the art historian David C. Huntington once remarked, is about as close as American painting in the Civil War period ever came to the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* or the Gettysburg Address. ■

Education

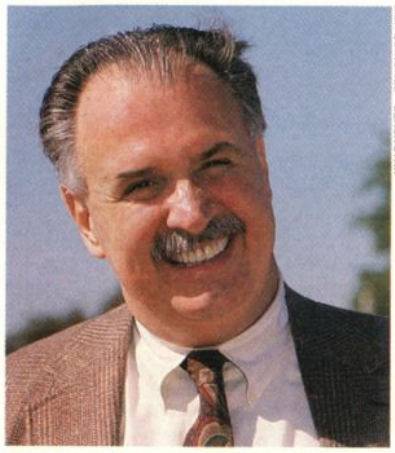
Bracing for Perestroika

New York's new chancellor vows to restructure a troubled system

It may be the toughest job in U.S. public education. But Joseph Fernandez, who takes over this week as chancellor of New York City schools, is itching for the challenge. Since he was tapped for the post last September, the onetime math teacher has commuted six times from Miami, where he served for two years as Dade County school superintendent. His mission: to confer with civic and union leaders, politicians, teachers, parents, the press and anyone else with a stake in the nation's largest (940,000 students), and perhaps most troubled, public school system. Says Fernandez: "I had to convince the city that I am serious about restructuring."

Few now doubt that Fernandez, 54, is serious. Born in East Harlem of Puerto Rican parents, the former high school dropout and University of Miami graduate comes to New York with firsthand knowledge of the city's racial and ethnic divisions. In Miami, he is credited with having transformed public instruction, a feat he hopes to duplicate in his new post. "We're losing the Gorbachev of American education," laments Andy Gollan, a spokesman for the Dade County school board. The question is whether the New York system, with its 27.3% dropout rate and entrenched tradition of cronyism, is ready for educational *perestroika*.

At the top of Fernandez's agenda is the abolition of the Board of Examiners, a city agency that duplicates many of the licensing procedures already required by the state. He also plans to push for a law banning the city's practice of allowing a principal to serve as the head of his school for as long as he wishes, a kind of lifetime tenure that Fernandez claims can shield poor performers. "I have a low threshold for tolerating incompetence," he says.



LISA QUINONES—BLACK STAR

Fernandez: itching for a challenge

"One thing I will never have is an ulcer."

New York's decentralized network of school boards is also certain to come under scrutiny. When Fernandez's predecessor, Richard Green, died last May, a third of the 32 district boards were under investigation for charges ranging from selling jobs to drug dealing. Fernandez wants more authority over these bodies, including the power to audit their books.

The centerpiece of the new chancellor's plan is "school-based management," an approach he introduced in Dade County. With this strategy, in use in 130 of Miami's 260 schools, much of the power has passed from elected officials to individual schools. Although student test scores have not improved and morale at some Miami schools has actually dipped, Fernandez remains committed to installing a similar program in New York.

Fernandez's detractors complain that he has an authoritarian manner and is too chummy with the local teachers union. He has already alienated city bureaucrats by appointing a deputy chancellor critical of the school system and by announcing plans to eliminate some 200 jobs at the board of education's central headquarters. Meanwhile, eyebrows have been raised over his hefty compensation package, which includes a $195,000 salary, free housing and $214,000 in supplemental pension pay. But Fernandez seems impervious to criticism."One thing I will never have is an ulcer," he shrugs. "I get angry and move on."

—By Susan Tifft.

Reported by James Carney/Miami and Janice C. Simpson/New York

Milestones

MARRIED. Oscar de la Renta, 57, couturier renowned for dramatic jewel-encrusted evening gowns; and **Annette Reed,** 50, philanthropist; both for the second time; in La Romana, the Dominican Republic.

SETTLED. By **Tom Bradley,** 72, mayor of Los Angeles; a lawsuit filed by the city attorney charging Bradley with violating state law by failing to report $160,000 of personal assets on annual disclosure forms; in Los Angeles. Judge Robert Weil ordered the mayor to pay $20,000 from his own pocket to settle the suit (the usual practice is to use campaign funds). Bradley remains the subject of a federal grand jury investigation of alleged violations of insider-trading laws.

RECOVERING. Rose Mofford, 67, beehive-coiffed Democratic Governor of Arizona; from surgery to remove her gallbladder; in Phoenix. Mofford, who succeeded Governor Evan Mecham after he was impeached and convicted in 1988, is expected to run for a full term this year, but has been under fire recently for commuting the sentences of two convicted murderers (the convictions were later voided by the state attorney general).

DIED. Ernest N. Dutch Morial, 60, first black mayor of New Orleans, from 1978 to 1986; of a heart attack after an attack of asthma brought on by 10° weather; in New Orleans. A civil rights lawyer who won suits to end segregation in the Crescent City's schools, taxis and airport, Morial in 1967 became the first black in Louisiana's House of Representatives since Reconstruction and later served on the state appeals court.

DIED. Billy Martin, 61, scrappy bantam who helped lead the New York Yankees to four World Series championships in the 1950s as a hot-hitting and fielding second baseman and in 1977 as a tactically shrewd manager; of injuries suffered when his pickup truck, driven by a friend who was charged with drunken driving, skidded off an icy road; in Johnson City, N.Y. Notorious for his barroom brawls, Martin was fired as Yankee helmsman four times by team owner George Steinbrenner, and was forced to resign once after remarking about slugger Reggie Jackson and Steinbrenner, "One's a born liar, and the other's convicted"—a reference to the boss's guilty plea for illegal contributions to Richard Nixon's 1972 campaign.

DIED. Thomas Blasingame, 91, believed to be the oldest working cowboy in Texas; in Goodnight, Texas. A bowlegged cowpoke, he started his career in 1916 at the JA Cattle Co. ranch for $30 a month and worked under the searing sun for the next seven decades. Blasingame was found lying on his back near a creek, his hands folded on his chest, his horse nearby—the way he said in a newspaper interview last summer he wanted to die.

Giving Birth "Astride of a Grave"

Samuel Beckett: 1906-1989

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

The most evident social trend of the 20th century has been consolidation—multinationalized businesses, globalized politics, homogenized cultures. Amid this bustling bigness and togetherness has been heard a persistent cry of smallness and aloneness, a sense that comforting certainties are being stripped away and each individual left isolated with nameless terrors, deterioration and death. Painters and composers, philosophers and poets have struggled to express this sensibility by reducing their art forms to the essential, scaling ambition down from the eternal to the minimal. Where once creators held that truth was beauty, in these despondent works truth is achingly ugly, beauty a mirage of the memory.

Many of the century's most imaginative artists, from Jackson Pollock to John Cage to Sartre to Camus, poured their beings into this exploration of nothingness. None did so more persistently and penetratingly than Samuel Beckett, the Irish-born writer whose death was revealed last week in his adopted city, Paris, where for decades he lived in an apartment overlooking the exercise yard of a prison. In such plays as *Waiting for Godot, Endgame* and *Krapp's Last Tape;* in novels, including *Molloy, Malone Dies* and *The Unnamable;* in verse and essays and the script for a wordless Buster Keaton film, Beckett distilled despair.

His works were often funny—the two battered tramps of *Godot* might have been written for Laurel and Hardy and were in fact played by Bert Lahr and Tom Ewell, Robin Williams and Steve Martin—but the humor intensified the sadness. In the play's most vivid and haunting image, one character cries out about all mankind, "They give birth astride of a grave." Beckett regarded himself as a sort of historian, a chronicler of misbegotten times. "I didn't invent this buzzing confusion," he said. "It's all around us, and . . . the only chance of renewal is to open our eyes and see the mess." Yet he had nothing of the reformer, no impulse toward public life. He rarely granted interviews, resolutely declined to discuss his works, rebuffed would-be biographers by saying his life was "devoid of interest." He even refused to show up to collect his 1969 Nobel Prize in literature—an award he had lobbied the Swedish Academy *not* to give him. Characteristically, his death on Dec. 22 was kept secret until after a private funeral four days later.

Born on a disputed date in spring 1906, Beckett claimed to remember being a fetus in the womb, a place he recalled not as a haven but as a dark ocean of agony. The son of a surveyor and a nurse, he had a conventional Dublin Protestant upbringing, studied classics in high school and romance languages at Trinity College. At 21 he went to Paris and fell in with literary expatriates including James Joyce, who became a friend and an inspiration—although, as Beckett noted, Joyce tended toward omniscience and omnipresence in his narrative voice, "whereas I work with impotence and ignorance." Three years later Beckett returned to Dublin, but he soon grew disenchanted with the conservatism of Irish life and, yearning for the Continental avant-garde, emigrated in 1932.

When Paris was invaded by the Nazis, Beckett and his future wife fled to the south of France, hiding by day and journeying by night. That harrowing experience, especially the footsore conversation along the way, probably inspired the futile wandering in *Godot,* according to its first Broadway director, Alan Schneider.

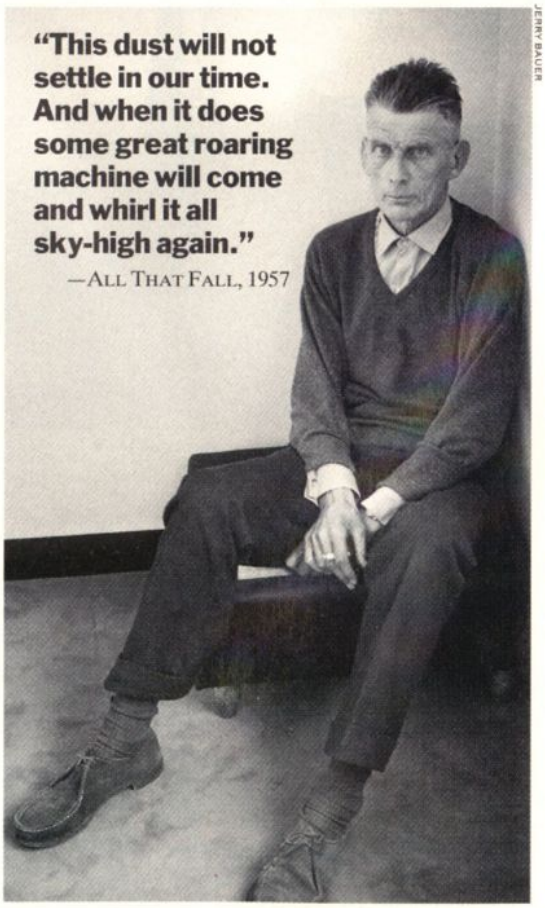
An even deeper real-life influence on Beckett's work, scholars have suggested, came in 1938. As Beckett walked along a Paris street, a panhandler stabbed him in the chest, perforating a lung and narrowly missing his heart. When Beckett later asked why the attack happened, the assailant replied, "I don't know, sir." That glimpse of the random perils of existence may have confirmed Beckett's dark vision but did not initiate it. His novel *Murphy,* published the same year, depicts a destitute Irishman, living in London, who daydreams away his days in a rocking chair until a gas plant explodes and shreds him. At his instruction, his ashes are flushed down the toilet of Dublin's Abbey Theater.

Through the '40s, Beckett kept writing, shifting, for reasons he never explained, from English to French as the language in which he created. He remained obscure until a spectacular burst from 1951 to 1953, in which *Godot* and three novels appeared to acclaim. The plays *Endgame, Krapp's Last Tape* and *Happy Days* followed by 1960. Thereafter he produced fewer and fewer, shorter and shorter, bleaker and bleaker pieces but never quite lapsed into the ultimate despair of artistic silence. His last work, *Stirrings Still,* a fiction of less than 2,000 words, was published in March 1989 in an edition limited to 200 copies.

Beckett's images have transfixed countless theatergoers, who watched the tramps in *Godot* wait for a savior who never comes, or heard the old man in *Krapp's Last Tape* review recorded fragments of his life as he murmurs, over and over, "Spool," or shared the haplessness of the elderly couple in *Endgame* as they face the end of the world while encased in trash cans. Beyond his own art, Beckett shaped the vision of countless others. They emulated, if never equaled, his simplicity of means, philosophical daring and ability to engage vast ideas in tiny trickles of closely guarded language. Above all, Beckett's life and work taught others the lesson he said he learned from Joyce: the meaning of artistic integrity. His vision never yielded. Even on a sunny day in London, as he strolled through a park in evident pleasure, when a friend remarked that it was a day that made one glad to be alive, Beckett turned and said, "I wouldn't go that far." ■

"This dust will not settle in our time. And when it does some great roaring machine will come and whirl it all sky-high again."

—ALL THAT FALL, 1957



JERRY BAUER

A Chance to Be Taller

Growth hormone provides hope—and the potential for abuse

BY GEORGIA HARBISON

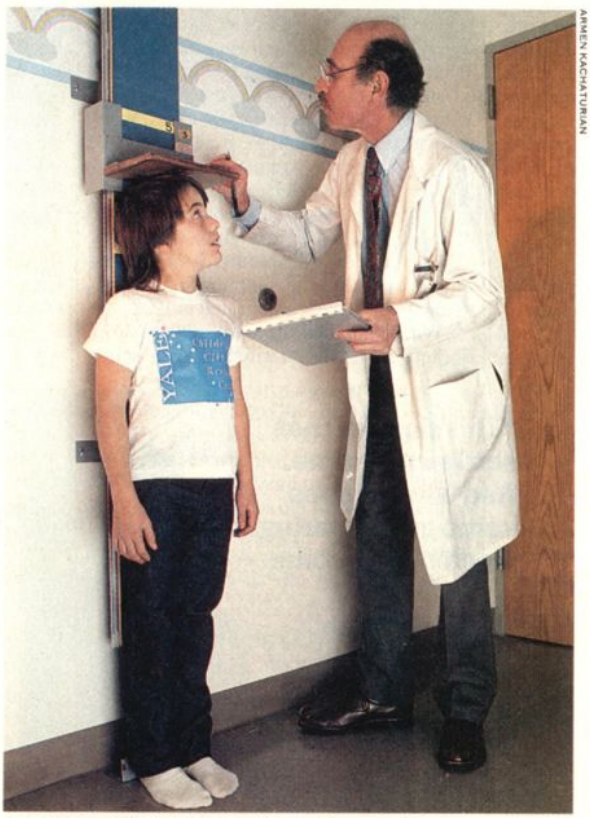
"A lot of kids used to say, 'Ha, ha, shut up, shrimp,' " recalls Jonas Devlin. The Stratford, Conn., eighth-grader is not disabled or deformed; he is merely very short. At 13, he is 4 ft. 7 in., or 6 in. shorter than 97% of the kids his age. But Jonas has high hopes: since he began therapy with human growth hormone three years ago, he has started to grow at a normal pace. The height gap between him and his peers is no longer widening, and it may eventually shrink. Jonas already notices the difference: "Now, because I'm growing faster, I don't get picked on as much."

HGH is a natural chemical in humans that helps promote growth. In the past, when the hormone was in short supply because it had to be extracted from the pituitary glands of human cadavers, injections of HGH were given only to treat children who had a serious deficiency of the chemical.

But now that new genetic-engineering techniques have made the production of HGH possible, it is much more widely available and more readily used. Today thousands of youngsters like Jonas, who have normal hormone levels but a family history of shortness, are able to take the hormone.

While medical experts think that HGH therapy may be justified in cases of extreme shortness, they see a dangerous potential for abuse. Notes Dr. Myron Genel, professor of pediatrics at Yale University School of Medicine: "The question of who should and who shouldn't get growth-hormone therapy is a hornet's nest. The criteria are no longer clear." Many parents have been pressuring doctors to try hormone therapy on children who are not abnormally short. One physician recalls a father who asked if his tall son could be made even taller so he would be sure to make the Notre Dame football team. Says Dr. Joseph Gertner, program director of the Pediatric Clinical Research Center at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center: "As people realize that they have control over certain aspects of their appearance, as with orthodontia, nose jobs and breast jobs, those people concerned about stature will want to have therapy for it."

Social pressures fuel the desire to reach a greater height. Study after study has found that taller people achieve more success in business and have an easier time socially. Aware of this research, an author of how-to-succeed-in-business books who wanted his son to be taller asked Gertner for help. Argued the author: "I'd rather my son be 5 ft. 10 and a graduate of N.Y.U.'s business school than 5 ft. 6 and a Harvard Business School graduate. These extra 4 in. in height make much more difference in terms of success in a business career than any paper qualifications you have." Gertner refused to put the author's son on HGH therapy, but some physicians may be more receptive to parental demands. Says Dr. Douglas Frasier, president of the Lawson Wilkins Pediatric Endocrine Society: "There's a lot of heightism in our society. And there's a sense that if you're not tall enough, somebody ought to be helping you get taller."



ARMEN KACHATURIAN

Dr. Genel is helping Jonas Devlin reach new heights

"Now, because I'm growing faster, I don't get picked on as much."

But HGH therapy is not an easy route to stardom in business or sports. The treatment usually runs from six to eight years, often requires daily injections and costs about $20,000 a year. Generally, medical insurance will pay for HGH therapy if children have a hormone deficiency, but not just because they are extremely short.

Children are not the only ones who may want to take HGH. Adults also produce the hormone, which is believed to help the mature body maintain muscle tone and burn off fat. According to a study reported last week in the *New England Journal of Medicine,* HGH injections can in some cases help adults who have a deficiency of the hormone to lose fat and gain muscle.

But doctors say such preliminary results do not justify indiscriminate use of HGH. Already the hormone has begun to appear on the black market. As sports officials have cracked down on steroids, some athletes have resorted to injecting HGH in a foolhardy effort to build themselves up. Unlike steroid abuse, HGH use cannot be picked up in routine drug tests. Experts warn, however, that the hormone injections may be dangerous. Researchers fear that high doses of HGH taken over a long period of time could produce such side effects as joint-cartilage problems, diabetes, arthritis and heart disease.

Doctors are concerned that the demand for growth hormone has exploded before they really understand what it can do or what its long-term effects are. While HGH is a helpful treatment for a deficiency of the hormone, its benefits to non-HGH-deficient but short children are not yet well documented. Initial results from studies under way in the U.S. and Europe are only mildly encouraging. A preliminary finding of an eight-year project headed by Dr. Melvin Grumbach and Dr. Selna Kaplan at the University of California at San Francisco suggests that while about a third of the treated children grew faster through adolescence than they would have without the hormone, in the end they added only about 1½ in. to their predicted adult height.

Yet for many unhappy kids who suffer from extreme shortness, the prospect of even a couple more inches seems worth the trouble. Jonas Devlin has no dreams of being a Larry Bird or a Michael Jordan. His goal is considerably more modest: "I would like to be tall enough so that when I sit, my feet will reach the floor." ■

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Millennial Megababble

MEGATRENDS 2000 *by John Naisbitt and Patricia Aburdene*
Morrow; 384 pages; $21.95

BY STEFAN KANFER

As the first millennium approached, a French monk named Markulf sounded a warning: *"Mundi terminum ruinis crescentibus appropinquantem indicia certa manifestant"*—Clear signs announce the end of the world; the ruins multiply. The theologian Thietmar of Merseburg, on the other hand, viewed the chalice as half full: "The thousandth year since the salvific birth," he thought, was surely the time of "a radiant dawn . . . over the world."

The second millennium nears, and this time it is the secular prophets who disagree. Apocalyptists like Paul Ehrlich and the Club of Rome foresee an overpopulated globe, flooded with garbage and asphyxiated by fluorocarbons. The oracles of optimism predict salvation by technology on a planet of plenty.

Foremost of the 21st century ecstatics are John Naisbitt and Patricia Aburdene, a husband-and-wife team. His previous best seller, *Megatrends,* was a smooth amalgam of insight, conjecture and jargon. In the '80s, he predicted, we would move from "Industrial Society to Information Society, from National Economy to World Economy, from Hierarchies to Networking, from Either/Or to Multiple Option." Naisbitt scored some palpable hits—and made some egregious errors. But readers were less interested in results than in the relentlessly affirmative message. The book sold 8 million copies in 28 languages and stayed on U.S. best-seller lists from 1982 to 1984.

It does not take a wizard to see that *Megatrends 2000* is destined for the same course. There have been three printings before publication, and the authors' message is still relentlessly upbeat. "We are often asked," they write, " . . . why we do not describe more of the problems facing humankind." The answer is revealing: "We admire the activists whose life's work is to right the world's wrongs. Our mission is a different one." Translation: in difficult times there are too many candidates for the role of Cassandra. The part of cheerleader is just as lucrative, and easier to play.

Naisbitt and Aburdene begin with a rallying cry beloved by high school valedictorians: "We stand at the dawn of a new era." The rest of the work rarely breaks that tone of adolescent confidence. No need to be concerned about the imbalance of trade, recession or unemployment. "There will be virtually no limits to growth . . . Everything that comes out of the ground will be in oversupply for the balance of this century and probably much longer." So much for shortages of oil, tulips or gophers.

Throughout the '80s, the moral backslide has been a national obsession. But a panacea is at hand. The New Age will save the world: "We are rediscovering the emotional side of ourselves. Both channeling and speaking in tongues assert the validity of the irrational." And the profitability. With spreadsheet sincerity, the authors report that "theology aside, fundamentalists and New Agers concur as consumers. Books, music, and videotapes are big sellers for both . . . It seems there is no end to this market."

For Naisbitt and Aburdene, market is always the operative word. As proof of a resurgence in the arts, they report that "during the Renoir show at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the museum shop sold $8.3 million worth of T shirts, sweat shirts, exhibition catalogs, posters, and appointment calendars. At $2 apiece Renoir shopping bags grossed $100,000." There are no figures on how many visitors actually looked at the paintings.

Stateside, the authors can sometimes be plausible; once across the ocean, they veer directly into farce. The fashionable will soon be ordering their wardrobes in the Cyrillic alphabet: "Yummies—young, upwardly mobile Marxists—are emerging in the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe, imitating the clothes and music tastes of yuppies." As for international terrorism, travelers to the Middle East can loosen their seat belts: "Developing countries that succeed in preserving their cultures remain stronger and find it more difficult to justify striking out against the West." This intelligence should be a surprise to the Great Satan.

Not every passage is eupeptic or naive. Naisbitt and Aburdene are right to question the findings of the pessimists: even scientists disagree about the consequences of the greenhouse effect. And the authors acknowledge, however briefly, the social plagues of crime, AIDS and substance abuse. But these are mere blemishes in their grand design. "Our perspective," they declare, "our market niche in the vast world of information, is to highlight some of the positive."

Alas, that highlight only brightens the route to the best-seller list. The path to the 21st century is deeper and far more tortuous than a market niche. A new era involves, among other things, hazardous negotiations, forbearance, sacrifices and painstaking research. These have little importance in this megababble, largely dedicated to validating the irrational. It is fueled by the notion that if readers shout good news often enough and loud enough, the resulting hot air will cause the whole world to rise. ■

JEFFREY AARONSON

BACK TO THE FUTURE, PART II

Five years ago, John Naisbitt learned to ski, an appropriate sport given the peaks and valleys he has experienced. Headed for a life as a Mormon missionary, he instead dropped out of high school and joined the Marines. After earning a degree at the University of Utah, he served as an assistant in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (he was later accused of hyping himself on his résumé as "special assistant to President Johnson"). The downhill came later: he failed in a business-consulting venture, was divorced, filed for bankruptcy and pleaded guilty to fraud for failing to list certain assets in his filing. Naisbitt, 60, rebounded when he married Patricia Aburdene and, in 1982, published his megaselling *Megatrends*. Aburdene, 42, provided a New Age overlay to Naisbitt's supersalesman's mentality. "We have to bring an end to our romance with technology and get in touch with the spiritual parts of ourselves," she says. Some 80 times a year, they give seminars, separately or together, to corporations, often charging $20,000 for an hour-long talk. "We give information as a form of entertainment," says Aburdene. "It's part of a performance."

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Fantasy Life

DYING YOUNG
by Marti Leimbach
Doubleday; 278 pages; $17.95

Victor Geddes, 33, suffers from leukemia. Abandoning his chemotherapy, he places an ad in the Boston *Globe* for a companion and caretaker; Hilary Atkinson, 27, applies for the job. Soon these two fall in love and move to the anonymity of a rented room on the Massachusetts coast. There, as winter sets in, they meet Gordon, 30, who becomes Victor's friend and, on the sly, Hilary's lover. The situation is messy, but at least members of the ménage can foresee one outcome for certain: Victor will die soon.

This premise promises a grim and lugubrious read. So publishing eyebrows shot up last summer when this novel, Marti Leimbach's first, pulled in some $500,000 in advances, including a movie deal with 20th Century Fox. These are uncommon bucks for a beginning writer. What gives?

As *Dying Young* makes its way into bookstores, all that money begins to look like a canny investment. There has always been a healthy market for doomed romance. Furthermore, this novel plays upon a current preoccupation—explicitly stated in its title—without raising the troubling specter of AIDS. Finally, Leimbach, 26, proves herself to be both a deft writer and a shrewd judge of just how much sentimentality her traffic will bear.

The author's smartest move is letting Hilary tell the tale. This young woman seems peculiarly passive and affectless, not the sort to dwell on or even recognize pathos or tragedy. All perceptions—grocery displays, radio chatter, the sight of Victor vomiting in a bathroom—pass through her consciousness with equal weightlessness. Hilary constantly learns things that anyone her age should probably already know. She removes some pictures from the room she and Victor have rented: "When I took them from the wall I noticed that the spaces the frames had occupied were a darker shade than the rest of the wall." When she feels the need to conduct a reality check, Hilary looks in the mirror: "I have clear skin and nice, square shoulders. My hair shines like it did when I was seven and I have a smart-looking face."

She also has the chance to live out a fantasy: two men devoted to her, one of them virile and the other literally dying in her arms. Whether Leimbach intends Hilary to be as dim-witted as she seems is immaterial. The trick finally works. Near the end, something dawns on Hilary that is not a truism. As Victor's imminent death begins to seem real to her, she realizes that he "has made it seem that the future of a relationship is not as important as I once imagined." It would be nice to hear Victor on whether dying is a price he willingly pays to teach Hilary about life. But she has the last and only words. —**By Paul Gray**

SUSAN LAPIDES

For $500,000, Leimbach provided a deft look at doomed romance

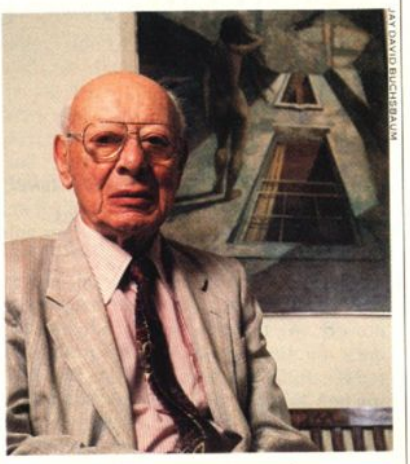
Odd Hysteria

FREUD'S VIENNA AND OTHER ESSAYS
by Bruno Bettelheim
Knopf; 284 pages; $22.95

Psychoanalysts tend to believe that nothing happens by accident, so Bruno Bettelheim has a theory about why psychoanalysis, and indeed "all modern methods of treatment for mental disturbances," first emerged in Vienna. The fact that Sigmund Freud lived there is too easy. More fundamental was the half-hidden disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, defeated on the battlefield by Prussia, torn apart by Balkan nationalism and devastated by the bank crash of 1873.

Its reigning Empress Elisabeth was half mad or, as Bettelheim more clinically describes her, "hysterical, narcissistic, and anorexic." And the heir apparent, Crown Prince Rudolf, climaxed a sexual episode by killing both his mistress and himself. Yet this was also the era of *The Blue Danube.* Bettelheim's conclusion: "Things had never been better, but at the same time they had never been worse; this strange simultaneity, in my opinion, explains why psychoanalysis, based on the understanding of ambivalence, hysteria, and neurosis, originated in Vienna and probably could have originated nowhere else."

This engaging book is not really about Freud's Vienna, however, so much as Bettelheim's Vienna. The two men shared the same city for more than a third of a century. Freud had recently published his first major work, *The Interpretation of Dreams,* when Bettelheim was born in 1903. He became interested in psychoanalysis because another schoolboy was impressing Bettelheim's girlfriend with prattle about the new theories of Dr. Freud. As a young man, Bettelheim liked to walk past Freud's establishment at Berggasse 19. "Looking up at his quarters, I always wondered why this great man chose to live there." (Bettelheim has a theory about that too.) Finally, Vienna expelled both of them, Freud to sanctuary in London in 1938, Bettelheim to a year in the concentration camps at Dachau and Buchenwald.


JAY DAVID RICHERSON

After 15 books, Bettelheim's essays serve as a crypto-autobiography

In putting together a collection of essays, Bettelheim, 86, has created a kind of crypto-autobiography, because he keeps reverting to the elements that have established patterns in his life: psychoanalysis, art, children (he has specialized in treating autistic children at the University of Chicago) and the Holocaust. Several of those patterns combine in his moving account of Janusz Korczak, who headed the Jewish orphanage in Warsaw, where a children's court enforced the children's rules. Despite friends' efforts to rescue him, Korczak insisted on staying with his children even as he walked hand in hand with them onto the train to Treblinka.

Ultimately, Bettelheim had to return to Dachau. His taxi drove past the barracks that he had once inhabited. "For a moment," he writes, "I was tempted to ask the driver to stop and let me out, but children were playing in front of it, and I thought better of disturbing their play and privacy for the sake of what by now was empty curiosity." This is a book that expresses kindness, strength and wisdom. —**By Otto Friedrich**

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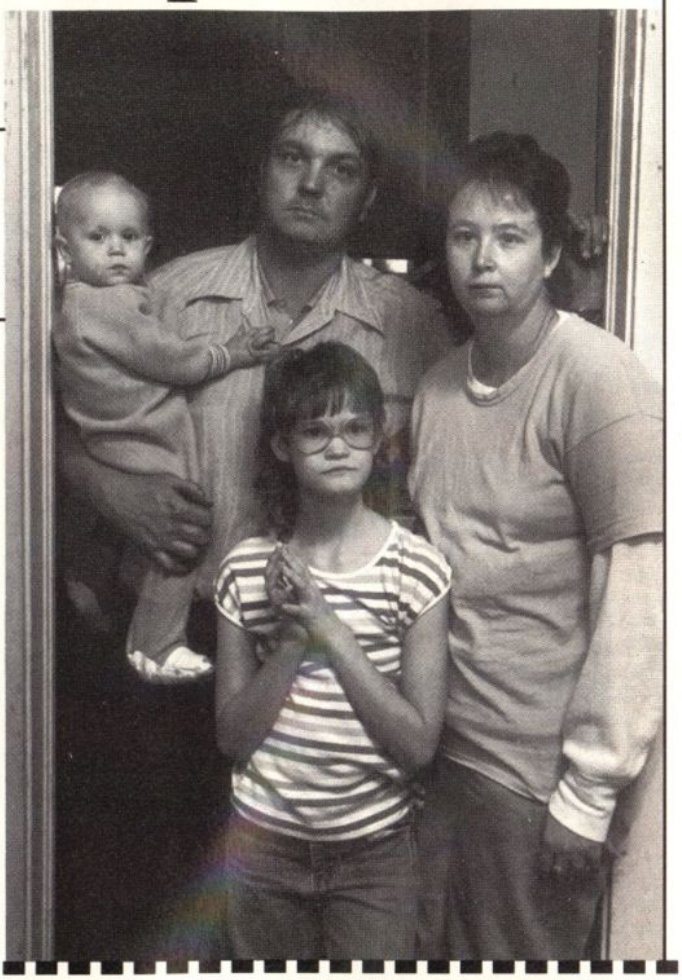

Thousands of families across America are forced to live in rat-infested ghetto flats, or decaying rural shacks.

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North Carolina

The Beauty Only Begins With The Scenery.

In the Driver's Seat

Actor Morgan Freeman eases into high gear

BY JANICE C. SIMPSON

There were few black faces on the big screen back in the 1940s, when young Morgan Freeman collected soda bottles to pay his way into the local movie matinee. And the one or two who did appear made the young moviegoer squirm. He did not object to their playing servants, jobs his own parents had occasionally held, but it bothered him that these celluloid domestics were presented as empty caricatures, devoid of human dignity. "I didn't know anybody who acted like that," recalls Freeman.

Good roles for black actors are still hard to come by, but audiences currently have a chance to see two unusually full-bodied movie portrayals of the black experience: *Driving Miss Daisy,* the critically acclaimed drama about the 25-year relationship between an elderly Southern Jewish woman and her black chauffeur, and *Glory,* a stirring account of the first black regiment to serve in the Civil War. Morgan Freeman, now 52, stars in both.

In less capable hands, John Rawlins, the illiterate gravedigger who becomes a sergeant major in *Glory,* and Hoke Colburn, the courtly chauffeur in *Miss Daisy,* could have become sterile symbols of good intentions. But Freeman's performances are so finely calibrated that these characters emerge as men of true heft and substance. Says *Glory* director Edward Zwick: "Morgan inhabits a role rather than performs it."

Although he took acting classes when starting out, Freeman follows no special school of acting. "I read Stanislavsky recently," he says, referring to the high guru of acting technique, "but that business of peeling away layers of skin was too murky and deep for me. I haven't found that I've had to do that in any intellectual sense. What I do, I do intuitively. It just comes easy for me."

Freeman first fell in love with acting in the third grade, when he played the title role in a school play, *Little Boy Blue.* Teachers along the way encouraged him to channel his rambunctiousness into acting, and after a brief stint in the Air Force he headed for Hollywood, naively believing he could get an acting job just by showing up at a studio. But he wasn't pretty like Sidney Poitier or Harry Belafonte, the black leading men of the day, and he soon realized that his chances would be better in New York City's grittier theater scene.

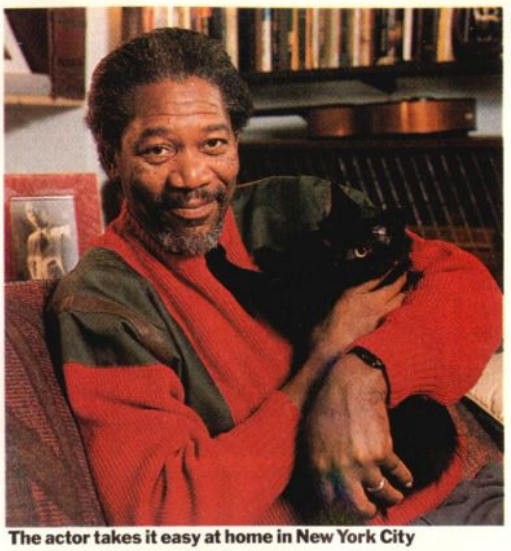
There Freeman found steady employment. He sometimes did what he calls dungeon work, appearing in small workshop productions in dusty church basements and drafty warehouse lofts, but he also performed in an all-black cast of *Hello Dolly!* and with a multiracial theater company at the New York Shakespeare Festival. "He had very good speech, bore himself with a certain grace and looked like a king," recalls producer Joseph Papp.

On his agent's advice, Freeman passed up the black-exploitation films of the early 1970s and instead took the role of the hip character Easy Reader on the public-television series *The Electric Company.* The job provided a steady income and made Freeman so famous with the preteen set that, to his great chagrin, he is still stopped in the street by fans. After a while, he felt trapped, hungering for meatier roles but needing the money to put bread on the table for his wife and two daughters. He began drinking heavily. "I'm not an alcoholic or anything," he says. "But I can get out of control." One morning in 1975 he awoke to find himself lying on the floor, passed out from the previous night's binge. Freeman stopped drinking cold turkey. The series ended too, and soon he was back to serious acting.

His big break seemed to come in 1978, when Actors' Equity named him best male newcomer of the season for his powerful performance as a disillusioned wino in the short-lived Broadway drama *The Mighty Gents.* Freeman was 40, and he thought he had finally made it. Instead, a two-year drought followed. He was considering chucking the business and driving a cab, when offers began to dribble in. Then, along came the role of Fast Black, the mercurial pimp, in the movie *Street Smart.*

Taking the part seemed an odd choice for Freeman, who had remained prickly about the kinds of roles offered to black actors, but in Fast Black he saw a chance to flesh out the stereotype. "I had no intention of wearing crushed-velvet jump suits, big hats or high-heeled pumps," he says. But the changes went far beyond the cosmetic, as Freeman transformed what could have been another clichéd pimp caricature into a harrowing portrait of a desperately brutal man. The performance won three major critics awards, an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actor and Freeman his first crack at a starring role as the bat-toting New Jersey high school principal Joe Clark in last year's commercial success *Lean on Me.*

Insiders are predicting that Freeman will win another Oscar nomination for his portrayal of the chauffeur in *Miss Daisy,* a role he originated in the off-Broadway production, and producers have anointed him a bankable star. "People will be making parts for Morgan," declares producer Richard Zanuck. But Freeman has heard such talk before, and he is taking all the praise in stride. Recently, he, his second wife, costume designer Myrna Colley-Lee, and their seven-year-old granddaughter E'Dena began to live part time on their 38-ft. ketch *Sojourner,* which is moored in the Caribbean. "When you live in the world of make-believe, you need something real," says Freeman. "I go sailing, I'm in the real world." ■



TED THAI

The actor takes it easy at home in New York City

As Hoke with Jessica Tandy's Miss Daisy

Moving beyond the stereotypes.

Hollywood on The Holocaust

Three holiday films recall the slaughter of European Jewry

BY RICHARD CORLISS

Open any volume of modern history, and the blood of innocents pours onto your hands. From government policies of starvation to countless varieties of religious wars, the 20th century newspaper is one huge Domesday Book, a catalog of horrors so vast that numbers lose human meaning. One death is a tragedy; millions of deaths are statistics, to be deplored, then filed away as nightmares beyond comprehension. The atrocities nag at our conscience, finally numbing it. Amnesia seems the only solace.

So it is therapeutic to be reminded of the small stories of heroism, brutality and survival that restore dimension to the century's signature satanic event, the Nazi extermination of European Jewry. What is unusual is that in this holiday season, no fewer than three Hollywood films deal with the Holocaust. *Triumph of the Spirit* tells the true tale of a Greek-Jewish boxer, Salamo Arouch, who literally fights for his life at Auschwitz. *Music Box* fictionalizes the 1988 trial of John Demjanjuk, a Ukrainian immigrant to the U.S. who was convicted of war crimes. And *Enemies, a Love Story* adapts Isaac Bashevis Singer's 1966 novel about Holocaust survivors sorting out their guilt and their passions in postwar New York City. Still, for all their ambitions, this trio ends up as two honorable duds and a near miss with plenty to recommend it.

There are many reasons, aside from the personal commitment of Jewish filmmakers, for Hollywood's preoccupation with the Holocaust. It is one act of state terrorism that has been exhaustively detailed. The first images of gas chambers and mass graves in 1945 sickened the world, not just with their charnel power but also with an awareness that the villains were once torchbearers of Western civilization. Hitler upended the cradle that had rocked Beethoven and Goethe, and hell fell out. His murder of millions of people for the crime of being born Jewish is an act worth pondering and mourning.

And here is a maxim worth remembering: good motives do not always make good movies. Too often Hollywood finds in the Holocaust a familiar, convenient parable of sanctified martyrdom and slavering sadism. Thorny issues are begged, compelling stories avoided. The dark psychology of the death-camp administrator, himself captive in a twisted chain of command, is rarely investigated. Neither is the prisoner's natural impulse to survive at any cost, which gave rise to "the Jewish members of the GPU, the Capos, the thieves, speculators, informers," as Singer describes them in *Enemies, a Love Story*. Instead, characters are as reductive as in any old-time western. The good guys wear the Star of David; the bad guys wear swastikas. The real victim in these films is dramatic ambiguity, and the result is what critic Art Spiegelman has called "holokitsch."

ROLAND NEVEU

Dafoe in *Triumph:* "Filmed on location at the Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camps"

Triumph of the Spirit might be expected to transcend this label, if only because of one line in the movie's final credits: "Filmed on location at the Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camps." Co-producer Arnold Kopelson won permission from Polish authorities to use the huge camps (now museums) as the setting for his story. How chilling it must have been for the actors and especially the extras—many of them Auschwitz survivors—to see the place restored as if in full working order.

Yet how little of that dreadful impact comes across in the film, which is too respectful of its subject to find more in it than noble clichés. Salamo Arouch (Willem Dafoe), formerly the Balkan middleweight champ, is interned with his family at Birkenau and soon ordered to take part in boxing exhibitions in which the loser will almost certainly be killed. This grisly dilemma—each of Arouch's knockouts sends his opponent to the gas chamber—is mostly evaded in Robert M. Young's bland direction. The film's only and considerable virtue lies in its documentation of the desperate strategies people devised to stay alive in the death camps.

Some lived even longer, to bear witness to atrocities and bring the beasts to justice. In *Music Box* the accused is Michael Laszlo (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a Hungarian now living in Illinois. Was he the malefic Miska, who as a member of

TAKASHI SEIDA

Down and out in the Bronx: Huston and Silver in *Enemies, a Love Story*

A man is more than the sum of the calamities that have befallen him.

the Arrow Cross during World War II raped women at gunpoint and tossed bundles of Jews into the Danube? Laszlo's daughter Ann (Jessica Lange), an attorney, believes her father is innocent and fiercely defends him in court. But the weight of survivors' testimony is too heavy, too obscene, to dismiss. Can she believe that her doting father committed such acts? And if she does believe it, can she still love him?

Laszlo must be guilty, of course; otherwise, there is no drama. Screenwriter Joe Eszterhas and director Costa-Gavras want to create that drama, but they do not give Ann a strong case to argue, so the film's only suspense is in how long it will take Lange (who gives a smart, sturdy performance) to face the truth. Nor do they allow Laszlo a chance to justify, however speciously, his rancid past. They are content to dwell on the sins of the fathers, in which humanism stares at bestiality across the generation gap. Even in a genial mood, Laszlo sounds like a Nazi: "A healthy body makes a healthy spirit," he huffs as he completes a maniacal regimen of push-ups. Ann's father-in-law (Donald Moffat), who helped relocate Nazis as a CIA agent after the war, is no more enlightened. He derides the Holocaust as "the world's sacred cow." He's not even sure it happened.

Herman Broder (Ron Silver), the passive hedonist in director Paul Mazursky's film of *Enemies, a Love Story,* is sure. There must have been a Holocaust, or Herman would not have hidden from it for most of the war. Now it is 1949, and he lives in New York with, eventually, three loving women: his Polish Gentile wife Yadwiga (Margaret Sophie Stein), whom he married out of gratitude for protecting him in the old country; his passionate mistress Masha (Lena Olin), whom the Holocaust has driven to a volcanic indecision between childbearing and suicide; and his long-lost first wife Tamara (Anjelica Huston), whom he had thought dead in the camps.

Herman's story could be played as brisk black comedy, an "I Led Three Wives" with memories of death ever kibitzing in his restless sleep. But Mazursky is scrupulously fair to the characters—so fair that *Enemies* lacks his films' customary oomph. When it is not vitalized by the beautiful performances of Olin and Huston, the picture takes on Herman's dithering lassitude. And yet there is a method to this meandering. Novelist and director both know a man is more than the sum of the calamities that have befallen him. Herman is a victim, not just of the Nazis, but of his own demons as well. And he is lucky, or doomed, to find three superior women who want to crush him in the bosom of their devotion.

Singer wrote a Domesday Book in which the blood is bathed in tears of conspiratorial laughter. Mazursky has made it into a movie that sidesteps holokitsch with the spry deftness of a Chagall peasant. ■

Imposing on Reality

ROGER & ME *Directed and Written by Michael Moore*

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

Michael Moore is a funny man—and also an angry one. But when you've seen this movie, you have to wonder: Is he entirely honest? One hates to raise this question, since anyone who is willing to run bingo games to help finance his movie has the makings of a folk hero. Especially when his completed picture becomes the talk of the film-festival circuit and achieves what few documentaries ever do: distribution by a major studio, which is said to have paid $2 million for the privilege.

The metaphor through which Moore explores several serious social, political and economic issues is his hometown, Flint, Mich., a boom-and-bust factory community that hit bottom again in the mid-'80s, when its principal employer, General Motors, began a series of layoffs that, according to Moore, eventually cost the city some 35,000 jobs. This created a ripple effect afflicting, it would seem, almost every other business, almost every citizen.

The Roger of the title is Roger Smith, GM's chairman, and the central conceit of the film is Moore's desire to take Smith on a tour of Flint to show him the havoc he has wrought. To this end, Moore and his film crew stalk Smith, showing up and asking to see him at GM headquarters, at the Detroit Athletic Club and at another club, where Smith is not even a member. This leads to a number of funny-edgy encounters with puzzled receptionists and security personnel. At one point Moore flashes a Chuck E. Cheese card as identification.

The scenes of life in Flint constitute the best part of the movie. Pat Boone and Anita Bryant come through, singing inspirational songs and uttering fatuities for Moore's camera. Game-show host (and Flint native) Bob Eubanks does his weary routine and very possibly kills what is left of a fringe career by telling two disgusting jokes to the inquiring reporter. Kaye Lani Rae Rafko, a Miss Michigan who is soon to be Miss America, flashes false smiles and desperately changes the subject when Moore asks her to comment on local conditions. Meantime, the more substantial citizenry gets behind new construction that is supposed to revitalize Flint—a Hyatt Regency, a mall, an automobile museum. They all fail.

As a tragicomic essay on the powerlessness of traditional American boosterism in the face of true economic cataclysm, *Roger & Me* succeeds hilariously—and sometimes poignantly. But it has a number of bothersome aspects. One is its treatment of the cataclysm itself. GM's layoffs were not as extensive or precipitate as Moore suggests, and many of the failed civic-improvement plans were begun years before the firings. But it may be that Moore's largest untruth involves his own screen persona. He would have us see him as a sort of Rust Belt Garrison Keillor, innocent but natively shrewd.

But wait a minute! Far from being a hick, Moore is an experienced professional journalist who knows perfectly well that getting in to see the chairman of anything without an appointment is virtually impossible. He is thus not simply recording reality but imposing on it a fictional design that proves the predetermined point he wants to make. And that makes the viewer wonder about his smash-and-grab intrusions on other realities throughout the film. It may be that his truth is the truth about his subject. And no doubt he is a smart and cheeky inheritor of the great grumbling populist tradition. Too bad he inherited the demagogic side of that tradition too. ■

DIRCK HALSTEAD

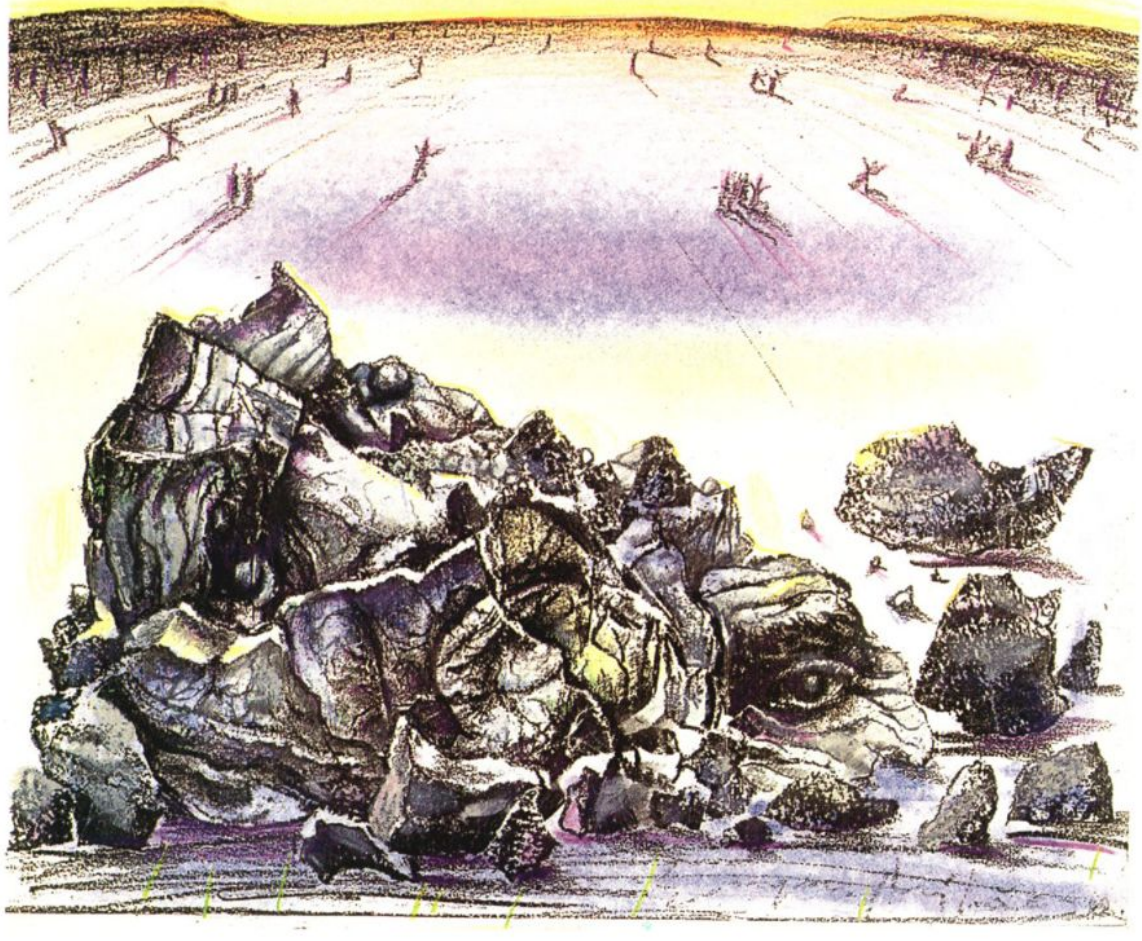
Moore, right, and cameramen shooting the works in Flint

Essay

Eugene Mihaesco

Shades of detail had not yet been sketched in, but the picture's message was evident. The boulder was Nicolae Ceausescu, and the people were trying to propel the monolith off a cliff. Staring at the unfinished illustration in New York City, a Rumanian guest of the artist Eugene Mihaesco remarked, "I guess we have to push a little harder." That was a year and a half ago. The piece and others by Mihaesco, who was born in Bucharest, have since appeared in *Universul,* a U.S.-printed biweekly circulated underground in Ceausescu's kingdom. And Rumanians did push, with all their heart, all their soul, all their might. Last week Mihaesco drew a sequel, the boulder smashed into pieces, which TIME set with the original to form a visual essay.

For Mihaesco, the personal cost has been heavy. Ceausescu was enraged at the drawings. In early 1989 Mihaesco's 79-year-old father Nicolae, who lives in Bucharest, was sacked from his job, isolated from his friends and ordered to rein in his "seditious" son. "I'm crushed if you go on," Nicolae told Eugene by telephone. "They will destroy me, destroy your mother." Grasping for a solution, the artist screamed at his father—and the eavesdropping police—"Don't tell me what to do. I disinherit you!" Children do not disinherit parents; this artist is crazy. Or so Mihaesco hoped the Securitate would think. Soon after, his father got his job back. But Nicolae Mihaescu did not understand his son's vehemence. They have not spoken since. ■



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